

New York Saturday Journal

A HOME WEEKLY

FOR WINTER NIGHTS
AND
SUMMER DAYS.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1875, by BRADLEY AND ADAMS, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. VI.

F. F. Beadle,
Sydney Adams,
David Adams,
PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 29, 1876.

TERMS IN ADVANCE. One copy, four months, \$1.00.
One copy, one year, . . . 3.00.
Two copies, one year, . . . 5.00.

No. 307.

"UNDER ONE SHAWL."

BY JOHNNIE DABB.

You may talk of your matinees, parties or races,
You may sing as you please of the "afternoon
crawl,"
But there's nothing so pleasant at all of these
places
As Phoebe and I walking under one shawl.
The stars shining bright in the clear sky above us,
The moon just beginning to light up the way,
The wind blowing sweet with the perfume of clover
Comes over the meadows of newly-mown hay.
We wander along by the banks of the river,
And hear in the woods the poor whippoorwill's call,
But I feel in my heart that the world cannot sever
My "girlie" and I—walking under one shawl.
We whisper so softly the birds cannot hear us,
I look in the eyes of my darling so fair,
And wish I could keep her forever and ever,
And envy the breezes that play in her hair.
Those bright happy moments 'tis sweet to remem-
ber!
My "girlie's" sweet blushes I often recall,
As I told her my love that clear night in September
When walking by moonlight, both under one
shawl.

JACK RABBIT.

The Prairie Sport:

OR,
THE WOLF-CHILDREN OF THE LLANO ESTACADO.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "OLD BULL'S-EYE," "YELLOW-
STONE JACK," "PACIFIC PETE," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MAD CHIEF.

THE war-whoop of the Comanches, the de-
flant shouts of the buffalo-hunters, the shrieks
and cries of the terrified women and children,
were mingled with the sharp twanging of bow-
strings, the ringing crack of two rifles—those
in the hands of Don Raymon and his son
Pablo. The Comanches came boldly charging
down upon the train, confident of an easy
victory.

But in an instant there came a sudden and
unexpected change.

Loud and clear, prolonged and ringing, high
above the mad tumult, came a series of yells
from the vicinity of the rock hills; a war-
whoop, but with a different cadence from that
of the Comanches.

As though there was magic in the sound, the
savages clutched their snorting ponies, the
drawn bows relaxed, all eyes were instantly
turned toward the new actors in this desert
drama.

Riding rapidly toward them, having just
debouched from behind a rocky spur, was a
party of horsemen arrayed in all the savage
panoply of war, gaudy with feathers, plumes
and paint, brandishing their long lances,
whooping and yelling like demons possessed,
as they swayed on their shaggy, fiery ponies,
at intervals uttering the wild and peculiar
charging cry of the Pawnees.

At their head rode a peculiar figure. He
alone of all that band seemed to scorn the aid
of tawdry ornaments. A fold of mottled skin
around his loins; that was all. His hair hung
to his waist, white as the undrifting snow,
mingling with a beard of patriarchal length.
His face, his body and limbs were all painted
a deep black—the color of death. The horse
he bestrode was a noble one; coal black, fiery,
yet under complete control, for it was ridden
without aid of blanket, bridle or halter, guided
by the pressure of its master's knees, the sway-
ing of his supple body.

As this strange figure forged to the front a
low cry ran through the ranks of the Com-
anches, a sound almost of terror. A name
was mentioned; that of one whose fame was
widespread and terrible.

"The MAD CHIEF—the MAD CHIEF!"

The past need not be glanced at here.
Enough for the present that this man was an
outcast—his hand against all men, even as all
hands were raised against him, outside of his
own band of daring riders. But especially did
he seem to be the foe of all Comanches.
His hand had filled their lodges time and
again with weeping, wailing and gnashing of
teeth. More than one tried and trusty war-
rior had secretly left his lodge and people, se-
cretly vowing never to return until he had rid
the earth of this terrible scourge. Of them
all, not one had returned. Their scalps black-
ened in the lodge smoke of the Mad Chief.

All this the Comanches knew, and only for a
moment did they hesitate. Intense hatred
quickly crushed out the temporary sensation
of fear, and uttering their defiant war-cry,
they charged boldly down upon the yelling
Pawnees.

Their numbers were nearly equal; if any-
thing the Comanches were a few braves the
stronger. And with brandished lances, with
arrows ready notched to the taut bowstrings,
their eyes glittering, their paint-bedaubed
faces all aglow with hatred the most intense,
the desert rivals rushed on, eager to meet
breast to breast in the mad dance of death.

In amaze the buffalo-hunters lowered their
weapons and awaited the result of this unex-
pected interruption. How would it end? For
which side should their wishes be given? Ah!
that was hard to decide.

They, too, had recognized that dread being,
the Mad Chief, and even at this critical mo-
ment a thousand wild tales of his horrible
cruelty, his relentless ferocity, flashed across
their minds. Not only toward his wild rivals
of the desert. There were awesome tales told
of the presence of many a silken-haired scalp



Headed by that terrible black and white figure, they urged their ponies on at full speed.

in his lodge—of white captives kept for horri-
ble torture. All this and more was remem-
bered during the brief interval of that head-
long charge, and the mad, devilish combat
that followed.

Yet the buffalo-hunters were powerless.
They could not flee. They could only await
the result, holding themselves in readiness to
do battle with the victor.

Straight ahead rode the Comanches. Few
are the savage warriors who can withstand an
equal number of the children of the "Queen
of the Desert." Yet the Pawnees did not
flinch. Headed by that terrible black and
white figure, they urged their ponies on at full
speed. Nearer and nearer, until scarce two
yards of space of open road divided them,
until the arrows began to darken the air, until
the spellbound spectators held their breath in
awful suspense as they awaited the shock.

But then, like magic, the Pawnees divide,
veering sharply to the left and right, swooping
around the astonished Comanches as though
intent only upon reaching the wagon-train.

All save one—the Mad Chief. Straight
ahead he rode, brandishing his ponderous,
knotted and scalp-bedecked club, uttering a
snarling cry like that of a famished wild beast.
Straight on, single-handed, he plunged into
the midst of the Comanches, whirling his war-
rior club around as though a reed—yet a reed
that crushed through bone and muscle like
magic.

A fitting pair were they—the madman and
his mighty horse. Screaming shrilly, his eyes
aglow, his gleaming teeth now bloodstained,
striking viciously with its iron-like hoofs,
trampling the dead and dying into the thirsty
sands, overthrowing the weaker ponies as a
cougar among coyotes—thus they burst through
the Comanches, leaving in their trail a bloody
waste of man and beast.

Thus he joined his braves, who had swept
around and now rode between the Comanches
and the wagon-train. With one hand to his
lips, the wild rider uttered a shrill yell—a
signal. And then the cunningly-conceived
ruse was revealed.

Yelling exultantly, fully fifty mounted
braves rode out from behind the rock-point.
The trap was sprung. The Comanches were
surrounded.

Death seemed inevitable. Their retreat was
barred by the blood-stained chief and his
braves. There only remained for them to die.

In that moment the brutal renegade showed
how he had gained his high position among the
proud desert warriors. Peeling forth the
shrill war-cry of his adopted people, he bade
them follow him. Since die they must, let it
be above the bodies of their hated foes—let
them gladden the eyes of their god by appear-
ing before him with their hands steeped in blood.

A single, simultaneous cry answered him.
Then, as one man, the devoted braves charged
down upon the ready Pawnees. A cloud of
hissing arrows met them. A number of braves
fell; the dying gave forth their last breath in
silence; the wounded painfully raised them-
selves to fire one more shot, to deal one more
blow at their destroyers.

The rivals met. A dust-cloud rose and filled
the air, almost shutting out the terrific duel,
setting over the combatants like a veil.

Through it all the Mad Chief raged, his
massive club cleaving a path of bloodshed and
death before him until his arm dripped with
gore to the very shoulder. A score weapons
were aimed at his life, but now, as often be-

fore, he seemed to bear a charmed life. The
blows fell harmless, were shattered or turned
aside by a sweep of his war-club, or else severed
only the empty air as the well-trained
charger leaped aside. But swift and deadly
were his replies. Man and horse went down
in death before his resistless might.

A scant half-dozen of the Comanches cut
their way through the *melee*, and fled, their
usually stout hearts turned to ice by the fear
of that terrible enemy. Past the wagon-train,
unnoticed, almost, by the buffalo-hunters who
were breathlessly watching the death-struggle
beyond. Away over the sandy waste, forget-
ting the perils of that waterless desert, think-
ing only of fleeing from the dread avenger.

Nor, all absorbed in the death-struggle, did
any eyes note the progress of two other riders.
These, unlike the fleeing Comanches, were
thundering down toward the scene of blood,
not away from it.

The end was near. One by one the Com-
anches had fallen. The renegade, whose stout
arm laid more than one of his foemen low in
the dust, was wounded and faint with loss of
blood. Despair had seized upon his heart.
Now that death stared him in the face, he
found that life was very sweet.

With a last desperate stroke for freedom, he
struck one opposing Pawnee from his pony,
dextrously avoided a charge of the Mad
Chief, and taking advantage of a rift in the
struggling mass, urged his mustang on with a
hoarse yell, using his blood-dripping knife as a
spur.

But it was not written that he should es-
cape. His fate was recorded. The avenger
was upon his heels.

With a hoarse, inarticulate cry, a white-
bearded, gigantic figure sped after him,
mounted upon a mighty yellow steed. The
renegade heard that cry, and glanced back
with a shudder of fear. His blood-stained,
deeply-tanned face turned to a sickly yellow
as he saw his pursuer. Though many a long
year had passed since their last meeting, he
recognized his deadliest enemy. And more—
he knew that he himself was known.

Groaning with terror, he urged his jaded,
wounded mustang on. But all in vain. The
flat had gone forth. The yellow horse gained
rapidly. He knew that he must be overtaken,
and rendered desperate, he turned and threat-
ened the white-haired giant with his knife.

Laughing hoarsely, the avenger swept aside
the weapon, and clutched the wretch by the
throat, lifting him from the saddle and holding
him, quivering, at arm's length.

CHAPTER V.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

THE Mad Chief uttered a fierce snarling
cry as the renegade eluded him so adroitly,
and as soon as he could clear himself from
the press, he dashed on after the fugitive.
But another was before him. The big bor-
derer overtook, disarmed and captured the
prize, and was holding him, quivering, at
arm's length when the Pawnee leader rode up
alongside, whirling aloft the huge war-club,
intent only upon sacrificing the captive.

But quick as were his actions, those of an-
other were even more rapid. Darting forward
at a sharp angle, a bright blood bay passed
between the two men, and a small, brown
hand dextrously clutched the already descend-
ing club, wresting it from the Mad Chief's
hand with a power that made the gore-drip-
ping arm fall nerveless to its owner's side.

"Mind your eye, old man Tony!" came a
clear, warning cry. "The serpents have fair-

ly tasted blood, and would as soon strike friend
as foe."

Drawing the senseless wretch across his sad-
dle-bow, holding him there with one heavy
hand, the big borderer quickly faced the bat-
tled chief, revolver in hand.

There was a truly startling resemblance be-
tween the two men so strangely confronted.
Of the same size and build, with the same fea-
tures, the same masses of white hair; there
was only the difference in color, in one's being
dressed, the other naked. Let the conditions
be changed, let Tony Chew assume the garb
of the Mad Chief, and even his bosom friend,
Jack Rabbit, would have been puzzled to
choose between them.

The Mad Chief drew a knife. His braves,
watching the different attitudes of the big
borderer, flocked to the aid of their idolized
leader, with loud yells of angry vengeance.
The eyes of big Tony glowed like coals from
beneath the heavily contracted brows. He
could die, if need be, but while a breath of
life remained he would defend his captive.

Not for love. No—far from it. For years
he had sought this man; for nearly a quar-
ter of a century he had known no other object
in life than to meet this man face to face.
There was a heavy account between them.
And now, when the hour for settlement came,
this rabble dared to interpose.

Jack Rabbit realized this peril, and, true to
the man who had been all in all to him since
childhood, he wheeled back and took up his
position beside Tony, just as the Pawnees
ranged around them, their weapons uplifted,
their eyes fixed upon the face of their leader,
only awaiting his signal. It was given; but
the braves quickly dropped their threatening
attitude, though keeping the cordon close
around the two pale-faces.

"Who are you that dare come between a
chief and his enemy?" haughtily demanded
the Pawnee leader.

"We are men who, like you, hate the Com-
anches," quickly replied Jack Rabbit, speak-
ing like the Mad Chief, in Spanish. "We
came here, we fought for you and against
the cowardly Comanches. Look! at the girdle
of my brother—it hangs thick with the scalps
of his enemies. Look again. The hair is all
long—the scalps of Comanches alone; there
are none of the Pawnee cut there."

"It is so—the words of the young white
chief sound well in the ears of his red broth-
er. White Hair is a big brave, and the Paw-
nees are glad to call him their friend and
brother. But look—he holds a snake before
him, a snake that crept along in the grass and
bit at the bare heels of men. His arm is red
with blood. I hear the voices of my dead
children calling for vengeance. The voices
must be obeyed. The blood must be dried up.
The white snake is mine. Let white hair give
him up, and all will be bright between us, as
it should with brethren."

In a cold, stony silence the big borderer
listened to this speech. Then, when the Mad
Chief paused, he turned to Jack Rabbit and
spoke rapidly with his fingers.

"Our ears have drank the words of a mighty
chief," said the young plainsman, in a clear,
measured tone. "They are words of wisdom,
but the cloud is too thick for him to see both
sides of the matter. Listen to the words put
in my mouth by the fingers of the White Hair."

"Many moons ago—the lifetime of a young
brave—there were two men who had been
friends and brothers almost from the hour
when their eyes first looked on the sun. They
had hunted, slept together, fought for each

other, and shed blood in each other's cause.
But the day came when a woman, fair and
lovely as the moonbeams, crossed their trail.
Her tongue was soft and musical as the whis-
pering wind toying with the mountain cedars,
but it planted black thoughts and bitter hatred
in the heart of one of the brothers. He saw
that her love was not for him, and he swore
revenge. He had it. Like a coward snake,
he, with hired braves, stole upon the happy
lover in the night. What did he do? Look!

At these words Tony Chew flung back his
long hair.

His ears had been cropped close to his head.
He opened his mouth. The tongue had been
cut or torn out, almost by its roots!

The Pawnees interchanged quick glances,
and drew nearer. Not all of them could un-
derstand the liquid Spanish, but they could
not mistake the meaning of those signs.

"You see," continued Jack Rabbit, his voice
growing cold and metallic, "this was the re-
venge of the false brother; but not all. He
believed that he had killed his enemy, and
fled, fearing the revenge of man. But with
him he carried the moon-eyed woman. The
wronged man recovered. He learned that his
false brother had joined the snakes, and be-
come a Comanche. From that day he took
the trail of blood. Scores of Comanches gave
up their lives, when they met him. But nev-
er once did he meet the snake who had bitten
his heel—never until now!

"Look! yonder are the brothers—the true
and the false, White Hair and the Comanche
snake. Do you wonder that he refuses to give
up his prey?"

"And now—see! I am White Hair's broth-
er. We are only two—you are many; but
this captive belongs to us, and if you want
him, you must first kill us."

With ready cocked revolvers, the strangely-
matched comrades faced the Pawnee war-
party.

"No—we will not fight you. The captive
belongs by right to White Hair. Only—I
ask it as a favor—let not the white snake live
to boast of his having shed the blood of men,"
quickly responded the Pawnee leader.

The big borderer laughed aloud—a horrible,
indescribable sound. As the savages observed
the look of intense, relentless hatred that over-
spread his face and shone forth from his eyes,
they were satisfied that their utmost wishes
would be carried out. Little fear of his letting
the renegade escape.

This matter settled, the Mad Chief rode at
the head of his braves up to the wagon-train,
paying little attention to the half-defiant at-
titude of the buffalo-hunters, who had, until
now, watched the tragic scene with eyes that
never for an instant wandered, forgetting all
else in the one wild, thrilling death-duel.

The Mad Chief, now as quiet, cool and com-
posed as the youngest of his braves, quickly
divined that Don Raymon was the leader of
the train, and was soon talking with him upon
a friendly footing, questioning the cibolero as
to his goods, his desires for a trade, and the
like.

Meanwhile Tony Chew and Jack Rabbit had
drawn aside, the big borderer having securely
bound his captive. The comrades were con-
versing in low, guarded tones on one side, by
the dumb alphabet on the other.

A few words will explain what had occurred,
prior to their sudden appearance at the train.
In the headlong charge, in the confused hand-
to-hand struggle that followed the leap across
the barranca, the reckless daring and superior
weapons of the pale-faces quickly ensured their
victory. Demoralized by the rapid fire from
the revolvers, terror-stricken by the fall of so
many of their comrades, the few survivors
broke and fled. But they were not to escape
so easily. Living only for vengeance, the big
borderer was not satisfied with his long
draught of blood. Urging on his big horse, he
followed in hot pursuit. Though not entirely
sharing his comrade's feelings, Jack Rabbit
was in no wise backward, and half an hour
later but two of the Comanches were living.

Whether these would have escaped, may be
doubted, their ponies were so utterly exhaust-
ed, had not the sound of distant fire-arms
caught the ears of the plainsmen. The direc-
tion told them all. Beyond a doubt the wag-
on-train, in whose fate one at least of the
party had such a powerful interest, had been
attacked by the savages. A single interchange
of glances was all; then they headed toward
the distant rock-hills, urging on their jaded
steeds, little recking of the danger into which
they might be running.

The comrades parted, Tony Chew leading
his captive, oowed and trembling, tied to his
horse's tail. Jack Rabbit watched him for a
few moments, until he neared the rocky point,
then turned as though to enter the half-coral
formed by the wagons, where a piercing shriek
startled him.

His first idea was that another tragedy was
at hand—that the first blow had been dealt of
a frightful massacre. But the Pawnees were
drawn up at a little distance from the carretas,
as though awaiting orders. Pressing forward,
he soon realized what had occurred.

A rather fleshy, yet still handsome woman
was clinging round the neck of Don Raymon,
shrieking aloud for her children. He heard
the cibolero call the woman wife.

The Mad Chief stood by, cold and unmoved.
The women and children began to flock forth
from the carts, and to join their cries with
those of the bereaved mother. Don Raymon
seemed quite distracted. He called aloud the
names of Pablo and Rosina; but echo alone
answered.

With a scornful grunt, the Mad Chief strode

beyond the trampled space surrounding the clumsy cart, and bent his eyes to the ground. Don Raymon hastened after him, leaving his now swooning wife to the care of the women.

A low cry broke from the father's lips as the chief pointed out several tracks. Among them he recognized those of the horses ridden by his two children. But the others?

"Comanche dogs—they ran away from men, and stole my brother's children. See—it is written here," the chief quietly explained.

The buffalo-hunter stared at the deeply-imprinted tracks with dimmed eyes and swimming brain. He could not understand how it had all occurred, how the brother and sister—Pablo, such a brave, stout lad—could have been captured and carried off without any one of the party hearing an alarm. Yet he could not dispute the evidence.

"My brother is sick, now," said the Mad Chief, in a strangely gentle voice. "Let him go back to his people and get well. My braves are keen and bold. They will take the trail of these cowardly snakes and follow it to the end. They will not return without as many scalps, and will bring back the children of my brother. See—I swear it, by the Great Spirit of the Wolf-children."

"Something told the buffalo-hunter that he could trust him."

The chief did not suffer grass to grow under his feet. He selected a dozen of his best warriors and gave them their instructions within hearing of the bereaved father and mother. They were to rescue the young couple at any and all hazards. Without a word they took up the trail at a gallop.

It had already been agreed that the train should keep on around the rock point to the Pawnee camp, where they could trade or hunt at their ease. And though the red sun was setting, they took up their slow march, leaving the scene of bloodshed and death to the gathering vultures and coyotes.

The twilight deepened into night as the cavalcade rounded the spur; and then a simultaneous cry of wonder broke from the lips of both red and white.

A broad, spreading glow fell upon the sandy waste, and lighted up the many-shaped crags. High up the range blazed and crackled a huge bonfire, streaming up around a tall rock. Then came a shrill, piercing scream, followed by another and another. And as the awestricken spectators moved on, they could distinguish a dark form—a human figure writhing in horrible agony upon the rock, striving to burst the bonds that held it to the torture. This, and a tall, white-haired man eagerly feeding the flames, dancing around the funeral-pyre in fendish glee.

CHAPTER VI.

THE KING OF THE DESERT.

ROSINA RAYMON listened with intense interest to the sharp interchange of words between her father and the renegade. There was something in the evil gaze of the white Indian that almost fascinated her—only, with a feeling of utter abhorrence, rather than fear. She wondered that this man dare address such words to her father, who was proud and stately, far beyond his humble profession. And, too, her cheek flushed brightly as she thought of another—were his ears open to the brutal words?

Then came the wild yell of the renegade, the charging cry of his braves, the defiant shouts of the buffalo-hunters, the cracking of fire-arms and sharp twanging of bow-strings.

Of the next few moments, Rosina had but a faint, confused remembrance. She knew that her horse, over fiery and strong-willed, suddenly became unmanageable, and with a powerful jerk that snapped the bridle-reins, he darted away over the desert with the speed of the wind, utterly beyond its rider's control.

Two of the Comanche braves immediately parted from their comrades and urged their ponies after the flying mustang. If they heard the warning cry that greeted the abrupt appearance of the Mad Chief and his band of Pawnees, it was unheeded. Possibly they preferred less desperate game.

Yet it would have been quite as well had they returned to share the fate of their brethren.

Only one eye among all the train observed the sudden bolting of Rosina's horse. The tumult and excitement of the Comanches' charge deadened her little cry, and the thud of her mustang's hoofs was lost amid the rest.

That eye belonged—not to a lover; but to Pablo Raymon. With warning shout, he spurred after the trio—his idolized sister and the two Comanches, loading his rifle as he rode. Only a boy in years—scarce seventeen, two years younger than Rosina—Pablo had been trained in a hard school. He had drawn the breath of life near the center of a vast plain, surrounded by the carcasses of slaughtered buffalo. His cradle had been the rough-jolting carreta, his lullaby the cracking of rifles, the twanging of bowstrings. If ever there was one, he was a born cibolero.

It was without a single thought of personal peril then that he pursued the Comanches, nor did he even cast back a single glance to see whether his warning cry had been heeded, whether any of his friends were following his lead. And then, when the company of buffalo-hunters were eagerly watching the movements of the rival bands, the four figures disappeared behind a long sand-hill.

Rosina vainly sought to check the mad flight of her horse, but the fragments of the defective reins were dangling beyond her reach, the mustang's neck was stretched out like that of a racehorse. In vain did she speak to him. Usually so obedient, so prompt to answer her slightest word or gesture, the creature seemed suddenly to have gone mad.

She glanced back over her shoulder. A little cry broke from her lips. Upon the crest of the sand-hill the southern slope she was just descending, two savage figures were just coming into view. The floating hair, the long lances with their scalp-decorated shafts, the nearly nude forms, all these spoke but too plainly. Realizing to the full the peril that threatened her, Rosina no longer sought to check her horse, but patted his steaming neck and urged him on. Better be lost in the desert, better death by starvation and thirst than to fall alive into these hands.

She knew now the cause of her mustang's strange actions. Rankling deep in his hip quivered a feathered shaft, spurring him on, driving him mad with pain. With a strange sinking at his heart she watched the dark blood trickling down the well-shaped leg, leaving a red trail behind them. It was more than should have come from such a wound, unless an important artery had been divided by the cruel barb. If such had been the case, how was it all to end? She shuddered at the thought.

Glancing back she saw that the two savages were further away than at first. Dimly, through the veil of dust, she made out a third horseman, and a wild leaping of her heart told

the thought that found birth there. But how often does romance have to hide its diminished head before sober prose!

"He may come up in time to rescue me," she murmured, half-unconsciously. "Or they may give over the chase as hopeless, unless—she shuddered again—she glanced back at the rankling arrow and the red stain."

How long would the mustang's strength last under that deadly drain? Already she began to feel—or was it fancy?—that his stride was growing less strong and powerful. Even his stout spirit must give way some time. But would it endure long enough to save its mistress' life?

The sun was sinking in the west, red and glowing. A low bank of clouds was rising in the south. She knew that the night would be dark and starless. If only the mustang could hold out until then—for one short hour more!

An hour—a lifetime! Slowly but surely the Comanches are gaining upon the fugitive. Jaded though their ponies are, they are able to keep pace with the enfeebled steed. Only for the telltale trail of blood, the savages would have abandoned the pursuit before now. But their wild training teaches them that no horse can live long under such a telling strain. They know that the rare prize must drop into their hands, ere long.

Strange as it may appear, the Comanches were unaware of the fact that a pursuer was at their heels. Upon the soft sand the fall of hoofs were deadened, and only the sound of their own progress was audible. And so eager were they for the rare morsel before them, that not a single backward glance had been thought of. But the time was at hand when their eyes should be opened.

Pablo Raymon pressed the pursuit with all the ardor of youth, but unfortunately for him he was mounted upon a mustang formed more for its endurance and its thorough training for buffalo-running than for speed. For a time he barely held his own with the Comanches, but then, as mile after mile was traversed in that triple race, the steel muscles of his "buffalo pongo" began to tell, and inch by inch, foot by foot, he gained upon the enemy, until, in the darkening twilight, he could almost count the gaudy feathers in the Comanches' hair. His trusty rifle was lying across his thighs, ready for use. His bow was ready strung; a couple of arrows were lying along the saddle, beneath his thigh, the notched ends convenient to his hand.

The long chase had given his young blood time to cool, while it rendered his determination even more fixed. The odds were long ones for a mere boy to encounter, yet he felt no fear as to the result; he would not have been Felipe Raymon's son else.

The red globe of fire sunk beneath the horizon. Clearly outlined against the crimson sky, the Comanches presented a perfect target, and feeling within distance, no longer dreading that the brightness of the sunset would render his aim uncertain, Pablo dropped the bridle-reins and raised his short, heavy rifle.

His well-trained mustang perfectly understood the movement, and instantly slackening its pace, dropped into a low, peculiar run, almost brushing the deep sand with its shaggy belly. From its back, just then, an aim could be secured almost as certainly as from a gently-sailing balloon.

Sharp and clear rung out the rifle-shot, and bursting through the flame-tinged smoke, Pablo saw that his aim had not been erring. With the shrill, unearthly death-shriek of his race, the nearest Comanche flung aloft his arms and fell headlong from his mustang's back, tearing and biting the hot sand in his last agonized throes.

A cry of wondering alarm broke from the survivor's lips. The awakening had been so sudden and unexpected. It seemed as though the armed horseman had sprung up from the very earth. And a superstitious terror for the moment totally unnerved him.

But then, as Pablo, with a clear, ringing shout, urged his pony forward, fitting an arrow to the taut sinews, self-preservation conquered superstition, and the Comanche hastily prepared his bow.

But the momentary delay had been fatal. With a prolonged echo, the cibolero's bow-string twanged twice in rapid succession, and, literally spitted upon the feathered shafts, the Comanche sunk upon his pony's neck, thundering away over the desert, a dead man, followed by the other mustang, snorting and whickering with alarm.

Pablo had no further thought of them. He only saw his sister, only a few hundred yards beyond. Even in the delirious excitement of his victory, the youth could not wonder at the strangely unsteady movements of the once matchless mustang. The race had been a long and hard one, yet surely it could not have so completely exhausted—him!

With one last struggle, the noble creature darted forward for an hundred yards or more, then fell in a heap, dead. The blood burst from its mouth and nostrils. Its race was run.

Anticipating the end of this spasmodic burst, Rosina freed her feet from the stirrups and alighted clear of the dying animal. Just then an encouraging shout came to her ears, and with a yearning cry, she turned, with outstretched arms. The next moment Pablo clasped her to his breast, covering her flushed cheeks with tender kisses, little dreaming what caused that burning blush.

Pablo was very dear to his sister's heart; but his was not the face she expected, and for a moment her heart grew sick within her as she asked what of their friends.

"You know as much as I, little one," laughed Pablo, with youth's lightheartedness. "I thought only of my runaway sister, and did not stop to say good-by to the rest. But be at ease. Our father is there, and he has twenty men, who are equal to twice their number of these naked heathen, not to speak of the slaves, who will fight well, under his eye."

"But he—may he have got hurt?" faltered Rosina.

"Holy Mother, deny it!" said Pablo, fervently. "Come, sister, don't borrow trouble; we have our hands full, as it is."

In good truth, their situation was anything but comfortable or pleasant. Far from friends, upon the desert, many miles from any recognized trail, one of them dismounted, the night upon them, and a wind storm coming on.

Only for this last, the enigma would be easily solved. A slightly uncomfortable night would be all. Then, when the light of day once more spread over the desert, a far less experienced eye than that of the young cibolero would find no difficulty in following back the deeply imprinted spoor of the triple race. But the black, rapidly spreading cloud-bank in the south spoke of such a storm—a furious burst of wind such as changes the entire topography of the desert over which it sweeps, leveling sand hills only to raise another where, but an hour before, lay low, deep hollows. Slight traces of a trail would be left when that storm subsided.

"You think there is danger, then?" asked Rosina, quick to notice the change in her brother's tones.

"Nothing very serious, I dare say. As you see, a storm is coming up, the stars will be hidden, so that we will have to use our judgment in laying our course. But come; they will be anxious about us, if we are much longer away."

Rosina, after a sorrowful word and parting caress for the dead mustang who had given its life to preserve hers, lightly mounted Pablo's pongo, and they took up their weary march over the rapidly cooling sands, the young buffalo-hunter walking beside Rosina's bridle-rein. He had carefully laid their course, in the dead gleam of day, and sought to keep from straying by stooping and feeling for the deeply imprinted trail at every few rods.

For a time this answered. Then the wind began to blow strongly from the south. Pablo laughed shortly as the keen blast struck them. The dreaded enemy might be made a servant, a guide.

"See! what we feared may be a blessing, in disguise," he cried, exultantly. "The wind comes from the south; good! Then we have only to keep it on our right shoulder. We will be with our friends before day dawn, after all, little one."

The words cheered Rosina, and though the high wind, roaring over that vast, treeless waste, bore upon its wings clouds of sharp, stinging particles of sand, the journey was resumed with far more cheerfulness than before.

Their progress was slow and toilsome. The darkness was intense. Though so close together, neither of the young people could distinguish the other form. The wind was fierce and hard to bear up against, growing cold and colder every moment, until the lightly clad Rosina shivered and trembled in the saddle, fearing to speak lest Pablo should discover what she was suffering. The exertion of walking kept him from feeling the cold. Besides, he was partially protected by the mustang's body.

Hour after hour they plodded on. A cruel, choking thirst now assailed them, covered by the sand-buried air. Their throats were parched, their lips cracked and bleeding. Each minute their torture increased. Yet not a murmur parted their lips. Trained in stern school, they were seldom guilty of idle complaining.

Hour after hour of that weary, exhausting toil, only endured because they anticipated soon discovering the camp-fires of the buffalo-hunters. Ah! had they only known. Had those black clouds only parted enough to give a glimpse of the bright stars—one gleam would have sufficed for the young desert-born.

He would have realized then, how treacherous an aid was their guide, how uncertain their dependence in the wind. Gradually, imperceptibly the wind had veered around until now it blew almost directly from the east. And so, still keeping the storm bearing upon their right shoulders, the wanderers were now heading nearly due north, straying further and further from the right track. Well enough that they did not realize this, else, despite their stout hearts, they might well have given way—and lain down in the desert, to die.

Still on they plodded through the black night, Rosina almost senseless from cold. The shrill, unearthly death-shriek of his race, still raged with unabating force. All at once the mustang grew uneasy and restless. In vain Pablo sought to quiet him. Then, with one wild snort, the animal jerked its head loose, and whickering shrilly, was swallowed up in the intense darkness.

For a moment Pablo stood as though petrified; then, with a loud cry of terror, he sprang forward, running swiftly for a few moments. Then he stopped, bewildered, confused. He bent his ear; all was still, save the dull roaring of the tempest. Whither had his horse gone? Not a sound came to guide him. And the cold, sickening terror pressed down upon his heart.

It seemed the work of some evil spirit, this sudden disappearance. Where should he look, which way turn? He felt so helpless in that black night. The intense darkness, this gloom that could almost be felt, weighed him down. And thus, helpless he stood for several minutes.

Hal! that sound! Was it a cry? Fully aroused, Pablo raised his voice and shouted aloud. Faint and feeble the words came. It was the voice of Rosina. Leaping forward he clasped her to his breast, as she fully arose from the sand. Half-frozen, she had fallen from the saddle.

A moment later there came a shrill, joyous neigh, followed by the rapid beat of a horse's hoofs, then the whimpering mustang thrust its cold, dripping muzzle against Pablo's cheek.

A cry of joy broke from the young man's lips as he realized the truth. The sagacious brute had scented the presence of water; even while they were unconsciously skirting a desert island, and when the keen blast bore the delicious scent fairly to his nostrils, mad thirst conquered all discipline. But now, its thirst appeased, the faithful creature returned to its allegiance.

Five minutes later brother and sister were riding in the grateful shelter of the wooded island, their thirst appeased, a delicious languor stealing over them.

They started to their feet in terror. The mustang snorted loudly, then crouched down, quivering in every limb.

Through the night, echoing even above the wild howling of the tempest, came a terrible yet strangely musical note—the cry of the jaguar—that dread king of the desert!

Then, with an energy born of their peril, Pablo gathered a handful of leaves and used his flint and steel. The tinder caught; the leaves were ignited and carefully fed until the larger twigs blazed brightly, slowly but surely igniting the heavy sticks of wood.

Carefully looking to his rifle, Pablo crouched down before Rosina, the mustang cowering close beside them. The roar was no longer heard. Instead, came a deep, not unmusical moaning or purring sound. Slowly their eyes move round in a circle. Their strained hearing can just distinguish the velvet tread of the tiger as he circles around the prey he has scented.

Then even this sound ceases. From beyond the circle of light, beneath a scrubby bush, gleam two phosphorescent globes of fire. The tiger is glaring out upon its victims.

Pablo slowly levels his rifle. Yet he hesitates to fire. To miss means death, sudden and terrible.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 306.)

THY VOICE.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

Thy voice is like a silver lute
Whose strings are stirred with song,
But often it would fain be mute
When I for music long.

Oh, like a lute its notes can thrill
A song of merry tune,
A wish alone it doth fulfill,
It is thine only boon.

And oft it sings a plaintive air,
Each cadence seems to fall,
Like a doleful wail of care,
Touching the hearts of all.

Thy voice is like a silver lute
Which a power awakes,
'Tis not asked, remains 'twill mute,
From it no murmur breaks.

The lute will breathe whatever strains
The fingers lightly touch;
The music in each string remains
Though it is silent much.

Thy voice is like a tuneful string
By heart emotions thrilled,
A sad or merry song 'twill sing,
A heart's desire fulfilled.

Vials of Wrath: OR, THE GRAVE BETWEEN THEM.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,
AUTHOR OF "TWO GIRLS' LIVES," "LOVE-
BLIND," "OATH-BOUND," "BARBARA'S
FATE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A HUSBAND'S ANGER.

GEORGIA had not been in her room more than fifteen minutes when the bell rung for dinner, breaking in upon the deadly silence that was unbroken even by a sob or moan, so terribly intense was the spasm of agony that held her in a grasp of iron.

She had not locked her door after her, but had walked over the threshold to her dressing bureau, and leaned her elbows on its cool marble surface, with her face buried in her hands, her figure as motionless as if she were a statue.

She felt so strangely—as she never had felt before in all her singularly eventful heart-life. She was conscious of a dull, lethargic sensation that had struck her numbly the moment her husband had hurled his awful accusation at her; she wondered, as she stood there, just where she had stood a few weeks since, when his letter had come to her, breaking the silence of years, if her heart was not dead within her, if her capabilities for suffering and enjoying were forever blunted!

But, by the same old ache that hurt her when she recalled, regretfully, her reception of her husband's; by the thrill of bitter pain that she certainly experienced as she remembered, what she had momentarily forgotten in the great grief of her wronged innocence—the life and near proximity of the man who could, if he chose, work her such havoc by these signs, Georgia knew she had yet to suffer and endure.

But how long—oh! how much longer! forever?

It seemed ages since Lexington had come home to Tanglewood, so many things had happened to mark the days since the one she had received his note, and, in one of her strange, strong impulses read over his early letters, and feasted her eyes on the picture of his face—his handsome, godlike face, that smiled at her from its ivory bed—the same face that not a half-hour ago had been malignant with wrath and anger.

She gave a little sob as she came fully back to suffering and endurance again, as she took her arms off the bureau, and in a yearning impulse of inestimable tenderness, unclasped the drawer that held her treasure, and took therefrom his picture—the same ineffably sweet face, with the frank, loving eyes, the firmly-curved, proudly-curved mouth. And those eyes had burned with rage, and that splendid mouth had uttered such words—such words that she shivered even now to recall.

But, despite it all, she loved him so! She had forgiven him the one injury of early years, one she thought was perfectly pardonable in the height and depth of its cruelty. She had forgiven him the death of her one darling, her little flossy-haired baby; and, in the magnitude of her love for him, even had come to think it was best that there was no one, not even her child, to come between them if ever a reconciliation took place.

Now, she was doubly thankful that her baby was dead; now, that its father was alive she was almost grateful that there was no child to unite them, in the least degree.

But, looking down in her husband's face, meeting his eyes that pierced to her very soul, Georgia had no thought for anything, save that she loved him—loved him over and above all things, even his harsh unjustness.

She pressed it to her lips in passionate eagerness, low, murmuring caresses in her voice; she heard the second summons to dinner, but heard as in a dream; she knew some one had rung at the entrance of the house, but whether a guest were for her or no, she gave no thought. Then, several minutes later, she heard footsteps, and had only time to thrust her picture inside the drawer, when she saw Lexington standing in her room, cool, scornful, smiling with a contempt that was the very essence of sneering sarcasm.

"What—why—is it possible you are here?" She felt a hot flush on her cheeks as she turned toward him, almost speechless from the unprecedented presence.

"Possible; shall I beg pardon for forcing myself into such a delightfully dramatic scene?"

"Better beg pardon for intruding into my apartments. May I beg to know what right you have to disturb my privacy?"

She had frozen to ice again, this woman of fire, under the withering scorn in her husband's face.

He smiled, and bowed profoundly. "I am most happy to answer that I came into my wife's apartments by virtue of my authority as a husband. Do you dispute the right?"

She made no answer; her only wish was to get away from him, so shamed and fearful lest her full heart should betray itself again, only to be insulted and wounded. She started for the door, but he courteously motioned her back.

"If you intend a return of the rather doubtful compliment I paid you when I locked my dressing-room door upon you, a half-hour ago, spare yourself the unnecessary trouble."

She paused just where she was, and sat down in her large lounging-chair; her face white enough now at the sound of his cool, sarcastic tones, her heart throbbing in vague fear of the mission that had brought him.

She looked so fair sitting there, with her long lashes sweeping her cheeks in a dark shadow; her hands lying wearily in her lap,

her beautiful head bent slightly forward in a tired, deprecating droop.

"Understand at once I did not come to repeat or renew the subject we discussed in my rooms. I have not come either to retract any thing I said, or to offer any addition to my words. I was on my way to the dining-room when a messenger rung the hall-bell, with a sealed letter for Mrs. Lexington, in a handwriting I have learned to recognize. I volunteered to turn page to my lady for the nonce, and gave orders to the butler that dinner be delayed a half-hour in order that you might be afforded ample time to read it."

His voice was stern, and his eyes glowed darkly, and Georgia felt her heart sink like lead, as she realized how she was in the toils.

She reached forth her trembling fingers for the letter, never once raising her eyes; then, when Carleton Vinney's handwriting met her gaze, started in a tremor of agitation.

Lexington surveyed her coolly, his face growing darker and more ominous.

"You are surprised? I am not. Be quick and read it."

She looked up in piteous imploration at his stern, forbidding face.

"Oh, not now, not now! Oh, what shall I do!"

She crushed the letter in her hand, fearful of reading it, lest by some unlucky chance, Lexington should learn who was its author.

"Open it, I command. Your refusal does not affect me as you hope it will. Read it, I say, and let us see what my wife's lover has to say for himself upon learning from my messenger that his former note fell so unluckily in my awkward possession."

Georgia sat, still trembling like a leaf, while Lexington waited with horrid patience that he broke at last, in a tone so quiet, so low, that it struck new terror to her overburdened heart.

"I will read it. Give it to me."

His hand touched hers as he reached for the letter. The contact thrilled her to a sense of her most suitable course if any course could rightly be called suitable that could only bring misery to her, whichever way it was construed.

"No—no," she whispered, huskily; "I will read it myself."

Lexington retreated again while he watched her tear open the envelope, and read the few lines it contained; while every word fairly scorched itself into Georgia's brain.

"Georgia," it said, "I just learn the undesirable fate of a note sent you an hour ago, requesting an interview at the same hour and place as our last. As I have no intention of being refused by you, I send this, openly and above-board, demanding to see you—you know when and where—to-night. If you refuse, for any reason, I shall call on the gentleman to-morrow, with whom you live, and who shares with me the delightful privilege of the right to subscribe himself. Your husband."

A little gasping sigh told the horror Georgia experienced at the diabolical threats Carleton Vinney had dared write her—threats that she would have dared, rather than have had Lexington know.

A feeling of righteous anger at the dastardly villain who dared do this; a feeling of just indignation at his vile boldness; a sensation of utter powerlessness at his hands—all tended to lend an expression to her pallid face that Lexington instantly set down to far different causes; while, over and above all these emotions, was the one fear, great and agonizing, lest Lexington should learn of Vinney's presence, knowing as she did of her husband's mad jealousy and peculiar tenderness on the subject—and the one hope that she might possibly succeed in buying Vinney off, and thus secure peace again.

What should she do, under the circumstances?

She stole one glance at Lexington's dark, unforgiving, contemptuous face, that smiled luridly as it caught her timid gaze; and she saw there was no mercy there, then, then.

She dared not show him the letter; she dared not brave more of his anger, when so much of it as he had already wreaked upon her had killed her.

She twisted the paper around her fingers with the decision that he should not know, yet, God grant never.

But—what would her refusal to show it indicate? That she was everything her husband accused her of. Could she bear the burden imposed on her a little longer, in the one hope of relief from Carleton Vinney's absence?

How could she know his devilish pertinacity, his deep-laid plans to harden her very soul, his sworn oaths to avenge himself on his successor, or the unlawful admiration and love her own beauty had kindled in his breast?

So—clinging to the one straw she thought possibly might bear her up, Georgia made the final choice, her heart pulsing fast.

She lifted her face bravely to his, in all the glorious beauty suffering lent to it—and her sweet eyes sent a thrill to his very heart.

"I have read it, Theodore."

She merely announced the fact, in quiet, tranquil tones, that surprised herself.

"Yes—I see you have. Now, I will read it."

Her eyes flashed frightfully as she clutched the letter more tightly in her grasp.

She made no immediate response, but her eyes thrilled Lexington to his very soul's core; and in a sudden pain of tenderness, he yearned over her—this fair woman, whom he loved despite even this letter she pressed to her heaving breast.

"It is our last chance, Georgia, and I, I, in all my justly outraged pride, stoop to beg you to establish your innocence. Show me the letter, Georgia; show me that this man has insulted you, presumed upon you—and—and—I will forgive you—everything."

His voice sunk to an exquisite tenderness that brought tears to Georgia's eyes, that made her heart sick with regretful anguish.

"Theo—I can not—I can not!"

Something like a sob of pain burst from Lexington's lips; then he laughed a low, harsh laugh, little dreaming of the despair in Georgia's heart as she realized the position into which she was driven.

"I'm a double-distilled fool to think my overtures would be accepted from the woman whom I found kissing her paramour's picture as I brought her a letter from him. I was a greater fool to respect the seal I ought to have broken and learned without your permission the contents of the love-letters some man writes to my wife without my permission."

Georgia cowered a moment under his strangely-altered manner; then, seeing the blaze of determination on every feature of his face, suddenly confronted him, tearing Carleton Vinney's letter to fragments as she did so.

"I decline to continue this interview. You have said the most to me you can say; you have wounded me to the quick; you are powerless to hurt me more. Only, I shall keep my own counsel in the future, and rest assured

there will be no attempt on my part to repeat any romantic scenes."

Lexington caught her wrist in his grip as she essayed to pass him.

"You insist on denying to me the name of your lover?"

She smiled at the blaze of wrath in his eyes—smiled, from very stoniness of despair.

"I would, indeed, be lacking in all the disgraceful *finesse* you have so freely accused me of if I divulged the name of the writer of that letter."

Lexington muttered an indistinct imprecation as he relaxed his hold.

"Guard your infamous secret as well as you can, Mrs. Lexington; remember I shall be eternally on guard over you; and, when I find who he is—this lover whose name you so loyally hide from me—you will hear from me. Be so good—" and he bowed so profoundly that the salutation was the very embodiment of scorn, "as to excuse my absence from dinner."

He went out, into his own apartments. Georgia sat silent, her face whitening, her hands pressed firmly over her heart. Then—the delayed dinner was announced, and she was forced to go down, in horrid mockery, and do the honors.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 298.)

Pacific Pete, The Prince of the Revolver.

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "OLD BULL'S-EYE," "YELLOW-
STONE JACK," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

BEGINNING OF THE END.

OLD BUSINESS saw that the time was not ripe for his story, and, with a desperate effort, regained his wonted composure. He silently bent over Eli Brand and thrust the gag once more between his aching, bleeding jaws, binding it securely into place, then, in a cold, dry tone, he spoke to Mark.

"It's nearly time we were taking the trail. There's no safety for either of you stopping in these parts. Before this Pike will have done his errand and will be on the road here. It will save both time and trouble if we go to meet him."

"And you?" hesitated Mark, with a side glance toward the prisoner.

"Will accompany you—at least until she is beyond all risk. After that—well, if we live, we'll learn."

In silence Old Business cooked some bacon and made a pot of coffee, of which he partook heartily, though neither Edna nor Mark betrayed much hunger. Then, after a brief scout around the premises, the trailer mentioned the lovers to follow them, and they were gradually swallowed up in the darkness.

They trudged on through the night, halting only once to afford Edna a moment's rest. Fatigue seemed to pass them by, unrecognized. Edna and Mark dreaming of love; the trader was busy with the past.

The sun had scarcely risen when they met a strong body of men, mounted and on foot, among the foremost of whom rode Lafa Pike. The greeting seemed warm between the two gray-haired men; but the trailer's voice sounded hard and cold as he answered the eager, appealing look.

"Yes, I'll show you your daughter. You have my word." Then turning to the leader of the posse: "You see, old man, I've kept my word, and all you'll have to do is to bag the game I've corralled. But now—do me a favor. Send a couple of men back with these young folks, to Wild Cat. It's hard to lose the fun, I know, but I'll pay them ten ounces apiece, besides giving them my share of the plunder."

Terms so liberal were not long in being accepted, and then the quartette rode away toward Wild Cat. Edna glanced back, and seemed about to speak, but something in the cold, stern face of the avenger repelled her, and the words died away upon her lips.

A rapid march of several hours brought the party within a mile of the mountain cavern, when, at the suggestion of Old Business, they halted long enough to overhaul their weapons and put everything in order for a deadly, relentless struggle when the conquered must die, without hope of quarters. Then they moved on until the top of the hollow hill could be seen, when the trailer volunteered to spy out the ground, and learn, if possible, whether the outlaws suspected their presence in force.

As Old Business glided forward he was not a little surprised to find that Lafa Pike kept him close company. In vain he motioned him back.

"You promised to show me my child," was the dogged reply. "If they kill you, you can't. I'm going along to fight for you if they discover you."

Silently they crept along, nearing the cavern. All was still. Not a sign of human life could be seen. The place seemed deserted. A sickening dread filled the trailer's heart. Had his game fled, just as his hand was ready to close upon it? The thought was well-nigh maddening, and it caused him to forget the stealthy caution thus far observed, in his eagerness to solve the question.

He was just climbing upon the edge when a lithe figure sprang out from the cavern and fired two swiftly-succeeding shots, at the same time uttering a shrill yell of taunting triumph. The trailer flung up his arms and fell heavily backward, bearing Pike down with him, covering him with his blood as they rolled rapidly down the steep incline.

Laughing sharply, the marksman sprang to the edge of the rocky platform and peered eagerly downward. His face was ghastly white, his black eyes were glaring with an almost insane fire. In that moment Pacific Pete seemed a demon of vengeance rather than a mortal being.

He saw one of the figures stagger to his feet, brushing the blood and dirt from his eyes, then stoop and lift the limp, senseless form of the other in his arms. It was Lafa Pike endeavoring to carry Old Business away from the spot of death.

Again that shrill, mocking laugh was blended with a sharp report as the deadly revolver spoke again, and as the blue smoke-wreath lifted upon the air, two figures were visible lying across a small boulder, their life-blood trickling down and mingling in one dark pool. Then Pacific Pete vanished. The hill again seemed deserted.

With the first shot the sheriff and his posse started forward at the double-quick, breaking into a full run as they witnessed the shot that carried death to poor Pike. All thought of prudence was cast to the winds. Barring with a wild lust for vengeance, those hardy men scaled the hill, climbed over the rock ledge, and dashed at the cave entrance. A withering sheet of flame-tinged smoke poured out into their very faces, carrying death upon

its leaden wings, but not even such a warm reception could check their ardor. Clearing the way with a storm of pistol bullets, they plunged recklessly into the dark cavern.

Of the fight that followed but little can be said. All details were swallowed up by the gloom. Outnumbered by more than two to one, the outlaws fought desperately, their perfect knowledge of the interior nearly equalizing the contest.

The coolest, most deliberate of all, was Pacific Pete. He quietly avoided all personal collision, contenting himself with picking off the foremost of his enemies from a safe point. Few, indeed, were the shots he wasted. Wherever his revolver pointed, there death or disability quickly followed. More than once his shots were answered, some keen-eyed miner firing at the flash, but the outlaw leader seemed to bear a charmed life, though more than once he staggered back for a moment, as though struck.

All at once the outlaw chief seemed seized with a mortal fear. A low cry parted his lips, the smoking weapon fell from his hand, his face showed ghastly pale in the flickering, uncertain light of the dying fire. And then—the form of Pacific Pete melted away in the gloom, leaving his men to battle with their stern, relentless foe as best they might, no longer sustained by his presence and deadly hand.

The darkness, as he fled, was momentarily lighted up by a pistol-shot, and a sharp cry broke from the outlaw's lips as he staggered and almost fell. Yet, the next moment his pistol echoed forth the death knell of Juan Cabrera; for he was the skulker who had fired the shot, whether recognizing the one who had so haughtily acted the master over him, or, in his terror, believing the shadowy figure that of an avenging *vigilante*, can only be surmised.

With a wavering step, struggling against a strange lassitude; with a low, weird ringing in his ears and a heavy weight compressing his brain—against these the outlaw chief struggled with the indomitable will of old. And through the darkness, guided only by habit, the strange, deathly sickness creeping up, growing stronger and more choking with every moment; still on, though above the shuffling tread of his heavy feet upon the hard, rocky floor, there could be distinguished a faint, pattering sound—the sound of falling blood.

His head turned, and as he glanced back, a strange, phosphorescent fire filled his eyes, until they shone and glared like the orbs of some wild beast. Incoherent mutterings broke from his lips. With his blood-stained hands he motioned back—what?

Only in fancy was he pursued. And yet to him these spectral forms were more terrible than reality. The sins of a lifetime were haunting him—the victims of a wild, blood-stained, reckless life, were trooping at his heels in ghastly array, gibbering and mocking at him, stretching out their long arms to grasp him, a stern, relentless vengeance written upon every lineament.

Shrieking aloud in his terror, Pacific Pete fled through the darkness, guided by instinct rather than reason, marking his trail with a long line of blood, each mad bound shortening his lease of life, pumping the hot life-blood in strong jets from the round bullet-wound.

Entering the small chamber where Mark Austin had first awakened to captivity, the madman sprang through the curtain and dropped into the pit beyond. The rock-door still remained open, just as Old Business and his nephew had left it. And still followed by the accusing phantoms, Pacific Pete hurried through the tunnel.

His voice was stifled now. No sound came from his parched throat. His breath came hot and quick. His brain seemed on fire, and the low, weird singing in his ears grew louder and louder, until now it seemed the deep, looming roll of thunder.

Yet he reached the end of the tunnel, and with the last effort of an overtasked frame, flung the concealed trap-door open. Then he dropped forward, lying half out of the opening, like a dead man, never recognizing the tall, blood-stained figure standing before him, as though watching for his appearance.

Stooping, Old Business dragged the limp form out of the tunnel, then, raising it in his arms with as much apparent ease as though it had been the body of an infant, he strode rapidly away. Down the valley, round the hill point, then, bending his way toward the main entrance of the outlaw's retreat, the avenger paused only when he reached the foot of the steep trail.

The motionless form of a man lay there, propped against a boulder. Only for the faintly-moving eyes, one would have thought him a dead man; yet Lafa Pike still lived—lived to remind the trailer of his sacred promise.

"You told me—my child—I'm dying—and you—"

"Harvey Wilson, look at me well. I am Philip Epes, your son-in-law, and here, in Pacific Pete or Vincente Barada, the outlaw and murderer, the man whose hand has laid you low, behold your daughter—my wife!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE GRAVE COVERS ALL.

Two human forms propped up against the rocks, the life-blood slowly trickling down and forming a red pool between them. The face of one old, wrinkled, surrounded with gray hair; the other smooth, clear as marble, despite the gray shade of death which was steadily creeping over them both. No longer disguised by the false mustache, the neatly-fitting wig; with garments thrown open at the throat to assist recovery, among them a tight waist of fawnskin, fitting closely over the swelling bosom, compressing it into less tell-tale proportions, and a flexible, magnificent shirt of mail, whose tiny links had turned many a dagger-point, flattened many a bullet—no longer Vincente Barada or Pacific Pete, but Isabella.

Beside them stood Old Business—Philip Epes. Casting aside his uncouth disguise, he stood there, a man among men. The blood still trickled down his face, but he heeded not the pain of his wound; he had thoughts only for the two persons lying so helplessly before him. His thoughts were busy with the past. One by one the more prominent events of his troubled life came up before him. What did he see?

Two brothers. One, the elder, steady and thoughtful, a minister of the gospel. The other a careless, devil-may-care, yet withal good-hearted youth. "Gospel Dick" and himself.

The family of Harvey Wilson, a go-ahead merchant of speculative tendencies, yet fiery-tempered, vindictive and suspicious; his wife, a devotee of fashion; rumor added an incorrigible flirt whom marriage had failed to cure; an only child, Isabella, at that time sixteen years of age.

Isabella and Philip met and were introduced at a ball. From that evening a new life began

for them both. Both really beautiful, both intelligent and accomplished, both young, their veins filled with hot, ardent blood, both fell in love. Philip proposed; Isabella acknowledged that the sentiment was reciprocated, and the next morning the lover waited upon the great merchant in his office.

A stormy scene. Wilson twitted Philip with his poverty, accusing him of being a beggarly fortune-hunter. Epes angrily retorted; the result—ejected with positive violence from the store by the porters.

That night all Baltimore was convulsed—horried with the rumor of a terrible crime in high life. Harvey Wilson had been arrested for a double murder.

The brief truth was this. After his stormy interview with Philip, the merchant hastened home, knowing the headstrong temperament of his daughter, and fearing an elopement. He found his wife with company—an ex-captain of the regulars, as well as one whom his wife had thrown over for him. What he saw was never known. Enough that it made him a madman, or rather developed the germ of insanity, long hereditary in his family.

The servants fled and summoned assistance. Wilson was captured after a frightful struggle. The room resembled a slaughter pen. His wife, the man, lay there dead. His daughter, who had rashly sought to stay his hand, was insensible, covered with blood, breathing hard; the physician decided that the fractured skull could only result in death or insanity.

Harvey Wilson was pronounced insane and sent to the State Asylum. For five years he remained an inmate, there was discharged as cured. For what? He was a ruined man, in health, mind and earthly goods. He asked for his daughter. She had died, so they told him. Then he disappeared—no one knew or cared whether.

Better for all, perhaps, had Isabella died. But, despite the doctor's predictions, she recovered; seemingly as well as before, both in body and mind, yet—Philip remained true to her, and despite the prayers and reasonings of his brother, married her. That was the last feather. The brothers parted in anger, never to meet again in life.

Then came a few fast fleeting months of almost delicious happiness—far too intense to be lasting. All in all to each other, Isabella and Philip lived in their cozy Southern home—an humble cottage, but all that he could afford. It was a sturdy struggle, but he kept the wolf from the door, and asked nothing better so long as he had her love to sustain him when jaded and weary. Thus the months passed by.

A little daughter was born unto them. Their cup of bliss seemed full. Yet, the bond that should have drawn their hearts still closer together was fated to sever them. No longer even-tempered and sunny, Isabella gradually gave way to fits of gloom and despondency, which grew deeper day by day, until she at length taunted Philip with his poverty. Day by day it grew worse, until he, knowing how little he deserved her bitter words, took to drink.

In one of his sprees he visited New Orleans, and with an extraordinary run of luck broke one of the richest gambling banks in the city. A month later Isabella found herself mistress of a mansion in the Queen City. And Philip Epes became a professional gambler.

Though his wife was gay, fond of fashionable dissipation, he never once dreamed of the terrible blow in store for him, until he found that Isabella had fled from him with a handsome gambler, his partner, in fact, one Maurice Vanoy, taking their child with her.

Two years later he found them. At Eli Brand's feet he killed Vanoy; but then lost all trace of both his wife and child.

Of his subsequent life, enough has already been detailed in these pages, for the reader to connect the stray threads.

Of Isabella, conjecture alone can aid us. The wild life upon which she voluntarily entered after the death of her lover, can only be explained by referring to the taint of insanity hereditary in her blood, added to the terrible shock of that day, when she was stricken down by the bloodstained hand of her father. Her "double life," as Isabella and Pacific Pete, was probably devised at first as a "card," to increase the interest in "The Golden Horn of Plenty," but the mad passion with which Mark Austin inspired her, caused the part to be played far more openly than she had intended, and finally proved her ruin.

With a low, faint sigh, Isabella opened her eyes. Yet a film seemed spread before them, as she gazed feebly, wonderingly around. She started as a cry broke from Wilson's lips, but her eyes met his without recognition.

"Do you know me?" said Philip Epes, speaking in a cold, monotonous tone, as he bowed his head until their eyes were upon a level. "Look at me well."

A convulsive shudder shook the woman's frame, and a wild, hunted look came into her eyes, as she strove to speak. But the words refused utterance. Only a blood-flecked froth tinged her lips.

"I see you have not forgotten," the trailer continued. "It is well. I wanted you to know all before you died. I don't mean to reproach you with the past; you were a woman—all is said in those words. But I wanted you to know that my vengeance has never slept since the day when I was first awakened to a sense of my folly, of your perfidy. I killed your lover; I destroyed your band at Wild Cat, just as I have here. I have thwarted you in everything. That has been my revenge. You were a woman, and I could not strike at your life."

"I saved her—our daughter—just as I saved him, my nephew—the man whom you tried to make love to. They are together now. They love each other, and before this week ends, they will be wedded to each other. This is my revenge."

"Look at the man before you. He is dying. Your hand aimed the shot that cuts short his life. And that man is—your father! This is my revenge!"

Only once did the look of wild terror change—when the trailer mentioned Mark's name. Then a slight spasm, a longing look in the large eyes; after it the old, hunted look.

Epes gnawed his long mustache moodily, as he stood looking down upon the ghastly-white face. He saw now that his words had fallen meaningless upon her ears. He saw her eyes light up, saw the hunted look pass from her face, while a faint smile played around her lips. He heard the words—low, faint as the fluttering breath of a newborn infant:

"Mark—forgive me—'twas love that—that made me so—so cruel. I love you—my God! how I love you!"

As though gifted with a supernatural strength, she stretched out her arms and leaned forward, a look of ineffable love in her eyes, though the frothy blood gurgled from her mouth.

This movement, the sound of her voice, seemed to awaken Harvey Wilson, though, until then, he looked like one already dead. That

soft tone, the look of yearning love seemed to be for him. He leaned forward—their arms closed around each other's forms, their last breath mingled; then all was over. Father and daughter were at rest.

The victorious sheriff and his posse found their guide strangely engaged, digging a grave beneath the bullet-scarred cedar, with his knife and hands. Their questions were answered by a look so strange and chilling that the boldest drew back with a vague dread. And so they left him, alone with his dead.

Doggedly he persevered in his laborious task. The pit grew deeper and deeper. Ever and anon he would pause and gaze upon the two forms, still locked in that strange embrace. But the hard, stern look had left his face. Instead came, at such moments, an expression of unutterable anguish. His heart was not yet dead.

Carefully he moved the bodies to the grave. Baring his head and casting a swift look around, he bent forward and pressed his lips twice upon the cold, white forehead. It was the seal of forgiveness.

In one grave the father and child were laid. The earth was heaped over them. A flat stone, marked with a rude cross, was placed at the head. And then—with bared head bowed down, Philip Epes knelt beside the grave of his wife.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THREE TABLEAUX.

THE pale moon looked down upon Dick's Pocket, its silvery beams faintly lighting up the peculiar scene. The wind moaned fitfully through the tree-tops and around the ragged boulders and pinnacles of gray rock, causing the weird, fantastic shadows of bush and tree to glide here and there, to assume a thousand strange shapes, until it seemed as though the phantom world had sent forth a delegation to witness the expiation of a terrible crime.

The figure of a man knelt beside the grave of Gospel Dick. His head was bared, his garments torn and blood stained; a look of unutterable horror was upon his face as he uplifted it toward the orb of night.

Tall, with folded arms, his form drawn rigidly erect, a man stood over the kneeling, cowering figure. His face was worn and haggard, marked here and there with streaks of half-dried blood. There was a hard, steely glitter in his eyes. A statue of stone would be easier to move than his heart.

And yet, in a husky, strained voice, the kneeling wretch begged and pleaded for mercy for time to repent and save his soul from utter destruction. With a cold, joy smile, the avenger raises one hand and points upward to heaven. "Tis there he must hope for mercy; there was none for him upon earth."

Then the voice of the avenger echoed hollowly through the little valley—counting the fast-fleeting seconds that separated the convicted assassin from the Great Hereafter.

A brief instant of horrible, sickening silence. A wild shriek from the lips of the doomed wretch. The sharp, spiteful crack of a revolver.

The moon slowly veiled its face behind a cloud. The moaning wind suddenly lifted. The silence of death reigned over Dick's Pocket.

Again it is night; but a far different scene awaits our attention.

All day Wild Cat has been in a commotion. Not because its bold sheriff and his gallant posse have returned from their brief but successful campaign against Vincente Barada's band of outlaws; that victory had already been commemorated by a "general drunk." No; something far more important was on the tapis. For the first time since its birth, Wild Cat was to witness a genuine wedding. Little wonder, then, at the excitement being so general.

Little wonder that a delegation waited upon the bridegroom elect, and, in an eloquent speech, made known the earnest sentiments of the Wild Catians. How bitterly unjust it would be for him to persist in having the ceremony take place in the tiny little parlor of the Occidental Hotel, where not one tithe of the petitioners could even get one eye upon the soul-thrilling spectacle. He, the mouthpiece of the honorable Wild Catians, begged to offer a substitute for the close, musty room; and so eloquently did he plead the case, that Edna, listening like an angel in human guise, signed Mark to accede to the request.

There was not a laggard in all Wild Cat, that day. A constant string of sturdy figures in flannel shirts and slouched wide-awakes passed to and from the foothills, bearing great bundles of evergreens. Poles were firmly planted in the road, and cedar sprigs and pine boughs were draped around them until a beautiful triumphal arch surmounted the evergreen altar. For hundreds of yards around the ground was carpeted with the fragrant green sprays. And when the shades of night descended, all was in readiness.

The congregation was assembled, long before the appointed hour. Ah, what a glorious sight it was—one upon which the bright sun, the pale moon, nor the twinkling stars of Wild Cat had ever shone before. Let it go upon record here, as a matter of history; each and every Wild Cat there present had washed his face and hands, had combed both hair and beard! What matter that the fishes in the usually clear Vinegar Creek gasped and puffed, rubbing their eyes in mute wonder as the limpid stream gradually grew darker and more dense as the pulverized sand and long-accumulated smoke-tan slowly and reluctantly floated away from the human society to which it had so long and affectionately clung? As an offset, didn't the sand-sparrows chirp with delight as they chased the queer little rolls of sunburnt hair that rolled before the sea breeze; it made such cosy nest-lining. Indeed that was a day long to be remembered.

The handsome couple—Edna blushing, her eyes lustrous with love; Mark proud, treating as if upon a passed-up the human-lined aisle. And oh! what a proud man was Turn-up-Jack Gillson when the moccasined foot of the blooming bride accidentally trod upon his newly-washed cowhide boot! From that moment he looked down with scorn upon the "dollar ante-ites"; all those who craved the honor of his acquaintance must have eyes too big for anything smaller than "quarter slugs."

The words were spoken. A tall, stately man gave away the bride—he whom the reader has known as Old Business.

Then—the real fun began. Two fiddles struck up a lively tune. A dozen sets were quickly formed—"stag-dances"—the beautiful bride looked on and smiling with a look of ineffable happiness. Then Mark whispered in her ear—she nodded a laughing assent. Ah! what a ringing cheer went up to heaven as the handsome couple joined one of the sets! Happy Wild Cats!

Twenty years have passed by since the cur-

tain fell. It is evening—a balmy day in early summer. A prairie farm in Kansas. A small, but cozy frame building, covered to the roof with vines and rose-bushes. Under shade of the young elm trees before the house, are gathered four generations. First "Old Business," still hale and hearty. Then Mark Austin and his buxom wife, Edna. They have seven children, two of them married, and now a happy mother and father.

And so the sun goes down upon them, and hides them from our eyes, forever.

THE END.

From the New York Tribune.

A WANT SUPPLIED.

The American mind is active. It has given us books of fiction for the sentimentalist, learned books for the scholar and professional student, but few books for the people. A book for the people must relate to a subject of universal interest. Such a subject is the physical man, and such a book "THE PEOPLE'S COMMON SENSE MEDICAL ADVICE," a copy of which has been recently laid on our table. The high professional attainments of its author—Dr. R. Y. FINE, of Buffalo, N. Y.—and the advantages derived by him from an extensive practice, would alone insure for his work a cordial reception. But there are not the merits for which it claims our attention. The author is a man of the people. He sympathizes with them in all their afflictions, efforts and attainments. He perceives their want—of knowledge of themselves—and believing that all truth should be made as universal as God's own sunlight, from his fund of learning and experience, he has produced a work in which he gives them the benefits of his labors. In it he considers man in every phase of his existence, from the moment he emerges "from a rayless atom, too diminutive for the sight, until he gradually evolves to the maturity of those *Conscious Powers*, the exercise of which furnishes subjective evidence of our time immortality. Proceeding upon the theory that every fact of mind has a physical antecedent, he has given an admirable treatise on General Physiology, and shown the bearings of the facts thus established upon individual and social welfare. The author believes with Spencer, that as vigorous health and its accompanying high spirits are larger elements of happiness than any other things whatsoever, the teaching how to maintain them is a teaching that yields to no other whatever, and accordingly has introduced an extensive discussion of the methods by which we may preserve the integrity of the system and oftentimes prevent the onset of disease. Domestic Remedies—their preparation, uses and effects—form a prominent feature of the work. The hygienic treatment, or nursing of the sick, is an important subject, and receives attention commensurate with its importance. Nearly all diseases "to which flesh is heir" are described, their symptoms and causes explained, and proper domestic treatment suggested. To reciprocate the many favors bestowed upon him by a generous public, the author offers his book at a price (\$1.50) little exceeding the cost of publication. Our readers can obtain this practical and valuable work by addressing the author.

THE WEEKLY SUN.

1776. NEW YORK. 1876.

Eighteen hundred and seventy-six is the Centennial year. It is also the year in which an Opposition House of Representatives, the first since the war, will take power in Washington; and the year of the twenty-third election of a President of the United States. All these events are sure to be of great interest and importance, especially the two latter; and all of us, and everything connected with them will be fully and freshly reported and expounded in *The Sun*.

The Opposition House of Representatives, taking up the line of inquiry opened years ago by *The Sun*, will sternly and diligently investigate the corruptions and misdeeds of Grant's administration; and will, it is to be hoped, lay the foundation for a new and better period in our national history. Of all this *The Sun* will contain complete and accurate accounts, furnishing upon these absorbing topics.

The twenty-third Presidential election, with the preparations for it, will be memorable as deciding upon Grant's aspirations for a third term of power and plunder, and still more as deciding who shall be the candidate of the party of Reform, and as electing that candidate. Concerning all these subjects, those who read *The Sun* will have the constant means of being thoroughly well informed.

The Weekly Sun, which has attained a circulation of over eighty thousand copies, already has its readers in every State and Territory, and we trust that in every State will see their numbers doubled. It will continue to be a thorough newspaper. All the general news of the day will be found in it, condensed when unimportant, at full length when of moment; and always, we trust, treated in a clear, interesting and instructive manner.

It is our aim to make *THE WEEKLY SUN* the best family newspaper in the world, and we shall continue to give in its columns a large amount of miscellaneous reading, such as stories, tales, poems, scientific intelligence and agricultural information, for which we are not able to make room in our daily edition. The agricultural department especially is one of its prominent features. The fashions are also regularly reported in its columns; and so are the markets of every kind.

The Weekly Sun, eight pages with fifty-six broad columns, is only \$1.20 a year, postage prepaid, at this price barely repays the cost of the paper, no discount can be made from this rate to clubs, agents, Postmasters or any one.

The Daily Sun, a large four-page newspaper of twenty-eight columns, gives all the news for two cents a copy. Subscription, postage prepaid, 55 cents a month, or \$5.00 a year. Single copies, 10 cents. We have no traveling agents. Address, *The Sun*, 807 N. 4th St., New York City.

100 POPULAR SONGS,

Words and Music, sent postpaid on receipt of Thirty cents. Address R. H. ROSS, Boston, Mass. 807-21.

\$250—A MONTH—Agents wanted everywhere. Business honorable and profitable. Particulars sent free. Address J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

The Toll-Gate! Prize Picture sent free! An ingenious game! 50 objects to find! Address with stamp, E. C. ABBAY, Buffalo, N. Y.

\$77 A WEEK to Agents, Old and Young, Male and Female, in their locality. Terms and OUTFIT FREE. P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Maine.

AGENTS WANTED—Men or women. \$24 a week or \$100 forfeited. Valuable samples free. Write at once to F. M. REED, Eighth St., New York.

\$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and no fee. TRUB & CO., Albert, Maine.

30 FINELY PRINTED BRISTOL VISITING CARDS sent post-paid for 25 cts. Send stamp for samples of Glass Cards, Marble, Snow-flakes, Scroll, Damask, Etc. We have over 100 styles. Agents Wanted. A. H. FULLER & CO., Brockton, Mass.

"DON'T FORGET IT!"—Singer's Safety Guard is worth all the Burglar Alarms ever invented. Agents wanted everywhere. Silver-plated sample pre-paid on receipt of 25 cts. Address A. H. SINGER, 438 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 800-368.

PHOTO'S of Actresses, Love Scenes, etc. 10 for 25c. 5 for 10c. R. S. LINDSEY, E. Lincoln, Mo.

40 for stamp. SOMMER MFG CO., Newark, N. J.

WATCHES & Jewelry Cheap. Send stamp for circular. H. C. MERRILL, Bridge on, Mich.

\$70 a Week—genteel appearance in every part of the United States for an honorable and permanent business, guaranteed to pay \$70 to \$100 weekly in small towns. \$1 samples free. Address with stamp D. M. RAY & CO., Chicago, Ill.

WYOMING MONTHLY LOTTERY

Draws on the 30th of each month. By authority of the Legislature. **\$275,000 in Cash Prizes.** 1 Chance in 5, Tickets \$1 each, or 10 for \$5, leaving \$5 to be deducted from the prizes after the drawing. Full particulars sent free. Address J. M. PATTEE, Laramie City, Wyoming.

FREE Sample to Agents! Newcomer in every family. Large profits! Send stamp. E. MIKOLAS, New Bedford, Mass.

This is No Humbug. By sending 35 cents and stamp with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive by return mail a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address V. FOX, P. O. Box No. 38, Fultonville, N. Y. 294-353

an American to ask, but we give the desired
 nation. Queen Victoria receives from the
 nation an income of £985,000 (\$1,925,000),
 £32,000 (\$160,000), more from the Duchy of Lan-
 ces, besides the income arising from her private
 estates and investments, which probably amounts
 to £100,000 more. The Prince of Wales has an al-
 lowance from the nation of £24,000 (\$120,000),
 and from the Duchy of Cornwall £60,000 (\$300,-
 more.

IN SEARCH OF A MAN.
After Joaquin Miller.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

She sat upon the old oak log,
That lies not far from Jones's bog,
And heard the cry of a dog,
And croaking of monstrous frog;
She saw old Jones's bridle steers,
And animals with wondrous ears,
And voice more beautiful than tears,
Came down her cheeks in copious streams,
And followed up the furrowed seams
Which put her mouth in brackets. So
She let her feelings overflow,
The gulches of her eyes in tears,
While thinking of the vanished years,
And him whom she had thought to wed
Some twenty years or more ago.
And, "I'm a maiden yet!" she said,
In accents terrible and low.
And then old Jones's rooster flew
Upon the gate, and crowed and crew,
And mocked the damsel, as she sat
And wept to think she was not wed.
"You speckled brute!" she cried, "take
that!"
And shied a boulder at his head.
The rock against his plumage smote,
And with a crow stuck in his throat,
And head lopped over on one side,
The bird fell down, and kicked, and died.
She saw a swain, likewise a maid,
Come down the road, and she was mad.
"The girls have beauty enough," she said,
"But one in years I have not had!"
And then she saw the bashful swain
Look sheepish, red, and green again,
Half-frightened when the maiden's glance
Was lifted up to his assistance.
"What datted fools the men are!" then
This ancient damsel cried. "The men
Get spooney over us, and grin
Like monkeys are they turned to man;
But if we smile, encouraging
Advances, and a wedding-ring,
It scares 'em, and they won't propose,
Though we'd be willing, goodness knows!"
And then this ancient damsel rose,
Planned up her hair, and looked grim.
Then, with her digits stretched toward Hea-
ven,
With energy enough for seven,
She swore an oath, and this she said:
"This kind of thing is getting thin!
I'll have a man, or I will die!"
A tear was in her ancient eye,
And awful meaning in her tone,
If not much meat upon her bones,
As standing by that bog of Jones,
She swore her heart to a man, grim
As any squaw in war-paint, she
Resolved to go in search of him
Who should her lord and master be.

She went, and went; and days went by,
But she found not the man she sought.
Despair was in her ancient eye,
"But I'll not give it up," she thought,
And one sweet night she dreamed a dream
And woke with hope's entrancing beam
Within her sunken eyes agleam.
"I know the place wherein to seek
The man I want so much," she cried,
And I'll be married ere a week,
And she set off with rapid stride,
And on she strode, and strode, and strode;
Once in awhile she got a ride;
And ever as she strode, and strode,
"I'm going to find a man!" she cried.
She wore her shoes out, and her dress
Was torn to signals of distress;
Her avoirdupois grew less and less,
But like the vulture, who can scold
His prey ahead, right on she went;
And nothing turned her steps, nor stayed
The onward march of this old maid.

She reached the place she sought, at last;
"Frisco! God!" cried she, when first she
spied
The city of the saints; and fast
She strode to where the saints abide,
She dropped down, breathless, forsores, faint,
Before the first fat, greasy saint,
And, "Find a man for me!" cried she.
"If he has thirty wives, or three,
No matter, so he marries me!
This is the place I long have sought
And mourned because I found it not."
And then she said, "I'm from the States,
The elders eyed her, and they shook
Their fat old sides, and scratched their pates;
Oh! she had such a hopeful look!
It touched their hearts, and they upspoke
One of them, and he bade them bring
This candidate for wedlock's yoke
To one who'd room beneath his wing
For one more wife, and fast and free
She followed where the elders led.
"How young and spry I feel," said she,
"This is like heaven on earth," she said.
"Oh, buzzards searing in the blue,
I swear I ask no odds of you.
Ah, this is bliss! But hurry on
With all the diligence you can,
For ere the sun from us is gone
My glad heart will have found a man!"

They led her in forty twenty-six
Proud wives and forty children sat.
The elders scattered smiles and kicks,
And guarded well each new plug hat.
"Where is your husband, ladies?" then
Upspoke an elder, and they said,
"Our husband took to talk at ten,
Some dozens of the children."
And as they spoke, they eyed with scorn
The poor old maid, with garments torn,
And worn-out shoes, but what cared she?
All hopeful of the man to be!

There came a tramping at the door;
A man looked in and saw her there;
A ghastly smile his face came o'er;
He clutched his hands around her hair.
"We've brought a wife," an elder said,
And then sprung up this ancient maid,
And fell upon the poor man's breast,
And dropped two tear-drops on his vest.
"I've wanted all my life," she cried,
"A man, and now I'm satisfied!"
"Maybe you are," said he, but I
Can't say I am," and heaved a sigh.
But by the good old Mormon law,
He'd have to take her; that he saw,
By one swift glance into her face.
Of the old elders, and he swore,
And kicked the children, with a grace,
That showed what gentle blood he bore.

And then she hugged him, with a kiss,
Close to her lank and bony breast.

"What have I done to merit this?"
He wept, with doleful thoughts oppressed.
"I'm married now, enough," said he;
"Still I would like two wives, or three,
To add unto my household band.
If they were what wives ought to be,
But you can't wonder I'm unmannered
To think of having sealed to me.
And here he groaned some awful groans—
"This scarerow, nought but skin and bones."
But closer clasped she him, and cried,
"I've come to find you, and I swore
I'd have a man before I died."

And I am yours forevermore.
You shake off chills and things, maybe,
But you can't shake me off, said she.
That very day the deed was done.
The happiest creature 'neath the sun
Was she who'd found a man at last.
"Thank God, I have him snug and fast,"
She cried, "and I have kept my vow.
I'm not an old maid, thank you, now.
Oh, bliss, oh, bliss, my husband comes!
I'm part proprietor of a man!"

A year adown the world was wheeled
Since she her man "discovered,"
And she was duly "signed" and "sealed,"
P. S. And recently "delivered"

Erminie:

THE GIPSY QUEEN'S VOW.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING,
AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "AN AW-
FUL MYSTERY," "VICTORIA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI—CONTINUED.

"THIS is the girl, Madame Marguerite,"
said Garnet, respectfully. "I intrust her to
your care until the captain comes."
"She shall be cared for. That will do,"
said the woman, waving her hand until all
its burning rubies and blazing diamonds seemed
to encircle it with sparks of fire.

Garnet bowed low, cast a triumphant glance
on Pet as he passed, and hissed softly in her
ear: "Mine own—mine own, at last." And
then he reached the screen and disappeared.

The cold, proud black eyes were fixed pierc-
ingly on Pet; but that young lady bore it as
she had done many another stare, without
flinching.

"Sit down," said the woman, with her
strong foreign intonation, pointing to a seat.
Pet obeyed, saying, as she did so:
"I may as well, I suppose. Am I expected
to stay here all night?"

"Yes," said the woman, curtly, "and many
more nights after that. You can occupy my
bed; I will sleep on one of these lounges while
you remain."

"Well," said Pet, "I would like to know
what I am brought here for anyway. Some of
Rozzel Garnet's capers, I suppose. He had
better look out; for when I get free, if the
gallows don't get their due it won't be my
fault."

"Rozzel Garnet had nothing to do with it;
he was but acting for another in bringing you
here."

"For another?" said Pet, with the utmost
surprise; "who the mischief is it?"
"That you are not to know at present.
When the proper time comes, that, with many
other things, will be revealed."

"So I'm like a bundle of goods, 'left till
called for,'" said Pet: "now, who could have
put themselves to so much unnecessary trouble
to have me carried off, I want to know? I
thought I hadn't an enemy in the world, but
his excellency, the right worshipful Rozzel
Garnet. It can't be Orlando Toosypegg,
surely—hum-m-m. I do wonder who can it
be," said Pet, musingly.

While Pet was holding converse with her-
self, the woman, Marguerite, had gone out.
Pet waited for her return until, in spite of her
strange situation, her eyes began to drop heav-
ily. A little clock on a shelf struck the hour
of midnight, and still she came not. Pet was
sleepy, awfully sleepy; and, rubbing her eyes
and yawning, she got up, and holding her eyes
open with her fingers, kneeled down and said
her usual night-prayers, and then jumped into
bed, and fell into a sound sleep, in which Roz-
zel Garnet, and Marguerite, and the under-
ground cave, and her previous night's adven-
ture, were one and all forgotten.

When Pet awoke she found herself alone,
and the apartment lit up by a swinging-lamp,
exactly as it had been the night before. She
glanced at the clock and saw the hands point-
ed to half-past ten. A little round stand had
been placed close to her bed, on which all the
paraphernalia of a breakfast for one was
placed. On a chair at the foot of the bed was
a basin and ewer, with water, combs, brushes,
and a small looking-glass.

Pet, with an appetite not at all diminished,
sprung out of bed, hastily washed her face and
hands, brushed out her silken curls, said her
morning-prayers, and then, sitting down at
the table, fell to with a zest and eagerness that
would have horrified Miss Priscilla Toosypegg.
The coffee was excellent, the rolls incompar-
able, the eggs cooked to a turn, and Miss Pet
did ample justice to all.

As she completed her meal, the screen was
pushed aside, and the woman Marguerite en-
tered.

"Good-morning," said Pet.
The woman bent her head in a slight ac-
knowledgment.

"I suppose it's daylight outside by this
time?" said Pet.

"Yes, it was daylight five hours ago," was
the reply.

"Well, it's pleasant to know even that.
What am I to do for the rest of the day, I
want to know?"

"Whatever you please."

"A wide margin; the only thing I would
please to do, if I could, would be to go out and
walk home. That, I suppose, is against the
rules?"

"Yes; but there are books and drawing ma-
terials; you can amuse yourself with them."

"Thank you; poor amusement, but better
than none, I expect. Who is commander here,
the captain I heard them speak of?"

"My husband," said the woman, proudly.

"And where is he now? I should like to
have a talk with him, and have things straight-
ened out a little, if possible."

"He is absent, and will not be back for
some days."

"Hum! this is, then, the hiding-place of
the smugglers they make such a fuss about—
eh?" said Pet.

"Yes, they are smugglers—worse, perhaps,"
said the woman, sullenly.

"There! I knew I'd find it; I always said
so!" exclaimed Pet, exultantly. "Oh, if I
could only get out! See here, I wish you
would let me escape."

The woman looked at her with her wild,
black eyes for a moment, and then went on
with her occupation of cleaning off the table,
as if she had not heard her.

"Because," persisted Pet, "I'm of no use to
any one here, and they'll be anxious about me
up home. They don't know I'm out, you
know."

The woman went calmly on with her work
without replying, and Pet, seeing it was all a
waste of breath, pleading, got up and went
over to the shelf where the books were, in
search of something to read. A number of
pencil-drawings lay scattered about. Pet took
them, and little as she knew of art, she saw
they had been sketched by a master-hand.

"Oh, how pretty!" she exclaimed; "was it
you drew these?"

"No; my husband," answered the woman.
"They are all fancy sketches, he says."

There was a sort of bitterness in the last
words, unnoticed by Pet, who was eagerly and
admiringly examining the drawings. One, in
particular, struck her; it represented a large,
shadowy church, buried in mingled lights and
shades, that gave a gloomy, spectral, weird
appearance to the scene. At the upper end,
near the grand altar, stood a youth and a
maiden, while near stood a white-robed clergy-
man, book in hand. A dying bird seemed
fluttering over their heads, and ready to drop
at their feet. The face of the youth could
not be seen, but the lovely, childlike face of
the girl was the chief attraction of the draw-
ing. Its look of unutterable love, mingled
with a strange, nameless terror; its rare love-
liness, and the passionate worship in the eyes
upturned to him who stood beside her, sent a
strange thrill to the very heart of Pet. A
vague idea that she had seen a face bearing a
shadowy resemblance to the beautiful one in
the picture somewhere before, struck her.
The face was familiar, just as those we see in
dreams are; but whether she had dreamed of
one like this, or had really seen it, she could
not tell. She gazed and gazed; and the longer
she gazed, the surer she was that she had
really and certainly seen, if not that face,
some one very like it, before.

"Can you tell me if this is a fancy sketch?"
said Pet, holding it up.

"My husband says so. Why?" asked the
woman, fixing her eyes, with a keen, suspi-
cious glance, on Pet.

"Oh, nothing; only it seems to me as if I
had seen that face before. It is very strange;

I cannot recollect when or where; but I know
I have seen it."

"You only imagine so."

"No, I don't; I never imagine anything.
Oh, here's another; what a pretty child! why
—why, she looks like you!"

It represented a beautiful, dark little girl, a
mere infant, but resplendently beautiful.

"She was my child," said the woman, in a
low, hard, despairing voice, as she looked
straight before her.

"And where is she?" asked Pet, softly.
"I don't know—dead, I expect," said the
woman, in that same tone of dead, steady des-
pair, far sadder than any tears or wild sobs
could have been.

Pet's eyes softened with deep sympathy;
and coming over, she said, earnestly: "I am
so sorry for you. How long is it since she
died?"

"It is seven years since we lost her; she
was two years old, then. I do not know
whether she is living or dead. Oh, Rita!
Rita!" cried the woman, passionately, while
her whole frame shook with the violence of
emotion.

No tear fell, no sob shook her breast, but
words can never describe the utter agony of
that despairing cry.

There were tears in Pet's eyes now—in those
flashing, mocking, defying eyes; and in silent
sympathy she took the woman's hand in her
own little brown fingers, and softly began ca-
ressing it.

"It was in London we lost her—in the great,
vast city of London. I was out with her, one
day, and seeing a vast crowd at the corner of
the street, I went over, holding my little Mar-
guerite by the hand, to see what was the mat-
ter. The crowd increased; we were wedged
in, and could not extricate ourselves. Sudden-
ly some one gave her a pull; her little hand
relaxed its hold; I heard her cry out; and,
screaming madly, I burst from the crowd in
search of her; but she was gone. I rushed
screaming through the streets until they arrest-
ed me as a lunatic, and carried me off. For a
long, long time after, I remember nothing.
My husband found me out, and took charge of
me; but we never heard of our child after that.
I nearly went mad. I was mad for a
time; but it has passed. Since that day, we
never heard of Rita. I heard them say she
was stolen for her extraordinary beauty; but,
living or dead, I feel she is forever lost to me
—forever lost—forever lost!"

She struck her bosom with her hand, and
rocked back and forward, while her wild,
black eyes gazed steadily before her with that
same rigid look of changeless despair.

"I loved her better than anything in earth
or heaven, except her father—my heart was
wrapped up in hers—she was the dearest part
of myself; and, since I lost her, life has been
a mockery—worse than a mockery to me.
Girl!" she said, looking up suddenly and fere-
cely, "never love! Try to escape woman's
doom of loving and losing, and of living on,
when death is the greatest blessing God can
send you. Never love! Tear your heart out
and throw it in the flames sooner than love
and live to know your golden idol is an image
of worthless clay. Girl, remember!" and she
sprung to her feet, her eyes blazing with a
manic light, and grasped Pet so fiercely by
the arm that she was forced to stifle a cry of
pain, "never love—never love! Take a dag-
ger and send your soul to eternity sooner!"

She flung Pet from her with a violence that
sent her reeling against the wall, and darted
from the room.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE OUTLAW.

"He knew himself a villain, but he deemed
the rest no better than the thing he seemed;
And scorned the best as hypocrites, who hid,
Those deeds the bolder spirit plainly did.
He knew himself detested, but he knew
The hearts that loathed him crouched and dread-
ed, too."

Lonely and strange he stood, alike exempt
From all affection and from all contempt."
—BYRON.

THAT first day of her imprisonment seemed
endless to Pet. She yawned over her books,
and dozed over the drawings, and fell asleep,
wondering what they were doing at home, and
when they would come in search of her; and
dreamed she was creeping through some hole
in the wall, making her escape, and awoke to
find herself crawling on all fours between the
legs of the table. It was the longest, dreariest
day Pet had ever known. The woman Mar-
guerite did not make her appearance again,
and Pet's meals were served by a bright, bold-
eyed lad, whom she plied with some fifty
questions or so in a breath; but as the boy was a
Spaniard, and did not speak nor understand
a word of English, Miss Lawless did not gain
much by this. As there was no means of tel-
ling day from night, Pet would have thought a
week had elapsed but for the little clock that
so slowly and provokingly pointed out the
lagging hours.

"This being taken captive, and carried off
to a romantic dungeon by a lot of bearded out-
laws is not what it's cracked up to be, after
all," said Pet, gazing fit to strain her jaws.
"It's all very nice to read about in story-
books, and see at the theater; but in real life,
come to look at it, it's the most horridly-slow
affair ever was. Now, when I used to read
about the lovely princess being carried off by
the fiery dragon (by the way, I'd like to see
a fiery dragon—I never did see one yet), I used
to wish I had been in her place; but I know
better now. She must have had a horrid stup-
id time of it in that enchanted castle, until
that nice young man, the prince, came, and
carried her off. Heigho! What a pity I have
no prince to come for me! Wonder if Ray
Garnet's gone yet—but, there! I don't care
whether he is or not. He does not care two
pins whether he ever sees me again or not.
Nobody cares about me, and I'm nothing but a
poor, abused, diabolical little wretch. Oh,
yaw-w-w! Lor! how sleepy I am! I do wish
somebody would come and talk to me; even
Rozzel Garnet, or that man with all the black
whiskers, who was impolite enough to call me
names, or that wild, odd-looking outlaw queen
—anybody would be better than none. I'll
blue-mould—I'll run to seed—I'll turn to dust
and ashes, if I'm kept here much longer; I
know I will!"

And, yawning repeatedly, Pet pitched her
book impatiently across the room, and stretch-
ing herself on a lounge, in five minutes was
sound asleep.

The clock, striking ten, awoke her. She
rubbed her eyes and looked drowsily up; and
the first object on which her eyes rested was
the motionless form of Rozzel Garnet, as he
stood near, with folded arms, gazing down on
her, with his usual sinister smile.

"Oh! you're here—are you?" said Pet, com-
posedly, after her first prolonged stare. "I
must say, it shows a great deal of delicacy and
politeness on your part to enter a young lady's
sleeping-apartment after this fashion. What
new mischief has your peevish saint with the
cloven foot put you up to now?"

"Saucy as ever, little wasp! You should be
careful how you talk now, knowing you are in
my power."

"Should I, indeed? Don't you think you
see me afraid of you, Mr. Garnet? Just
fancy me, with my finger in my mouth
and my eyes cast down, trembling before any
man, much less you! Ha, ha, ha! don't you
hope you may live to see it?"
"It is in my power to make you afraid of
me! You are here a captive, beyond all hope
of escape—mind, beyond the power of heaven
and earth to free you. Say, then, beautiful
dragon-fly, radiant little fay, how are you to
defy me? Your hour of triumph has passed,
though you seem not to know it. You have
quenched it right royally long enough. My
turn has come at last. I have conquered the
queen of the kelpies, won the most beautiful,
enchanting, intoxicating fairy that ever in-
flamed the heart or set on fire the brain of a
man."

"Yes—boast!" said Pet, getting up and
composedly beginning to twine her curls over
her fingers. "But self-praise is no recom-
mendation. If by all those names you mean
me, let me tell you not to be too sure even yet.
It's not right to cheer until you are out of the
woods, you know, Mr. Garnet; and, really,
you're not such a lady-killer, after all, as you
think yourself. You can't hold fire without
burning your fingers, Mr. Garnet, as you'll
find, if you attempt any nonsense with me.
So, your honor's worship, the best thing you
can do is, to go off to your boon companions,
and mind your own business for the future,
and leave me to finish my nap."

"Sorry to refuse your polite request, Miss
Lawless," he said, with a sneer; "but, really,
I cannot leave you to solitude and loneliness,
this way. As I have a number of things to
talk over with you, and as you have forgotten
to ask me to sit down, I think I will just avail
myself of a friend's privilege, and take a seat
myself."

And very nonchalantly the gentleman seat-
ed himself beside her on the lounge. Pet
sprung up with a rebound, as if she were a
ball of India-rubber, or had steel springs in
her feet, and confronted him with blazing
cheeks and flashing eyes.

"You hateful, disagreeable, yellow old
ogre!" she burst out with; "keep the seat to
yourself, then, if you want it, but don't dare
to come near me again! Don't dare, I say!"
And she stamped her foot, passionately, like
the little tempest that she was. "It's danger-
ous work playing with chain-lightning, Mr.
Rozzel Garnet; so be warned in time. I vot
to Sam! if I had a broomstick handy, I'd let
you know what it is to put a respectable young
woman in a rage. You sit beside me, indeed!
Faugh! there is pollution in the very air you
breathe!"

He turned for an instant, livid with anger;
but to lose his temper was not his *role*, now,
and so gulping down the little draught of her
irritating words as best he might, he said:
"Ayl, rave, and storm, and flash fire, my
little tornado; but it will avail you nothing.
You beat the air with your breath, though,
really, I do not know as it is useless, either,
for you look so dazlingly beautiful in your
rouged wrath, my dear inflammation of the
heart, that you make me love you twice as
much as ever."

"You love me, indeed!" said Pet, contem-
ptuously; "I don't see what awful crime any
of my forefathers have ever done, that I'm
compelled to stand up here, like patience on
a monument, and listen to such stuff as that.
I won't listen to it! I'll go and call that wo-
man, I declare I will, and make her pack you
off with a flea in your ear."

"Not so fast, my pretty one," said Garnet,
with his usual cold smile, as he put out his
long arms and caught hold of Pet; "Madame
Marguerite has gone away, and may not be
back to-night. The men have all gone, too,
but one, and he is lying under the table out
there, dead drunk. How now, my little flame
of fire! Does this damp your courage any?"

For the first time, the conviction that she
was completely in his power thrilled through
the heart of Pet, making her, for one moment,
almost dizzy with nameless apprehension. But
the mocking, exulting eyes of his everywhere
bent tauntingly upon her, and the high spirit
of the brave girl flashed indignantly up; and,
fixing her flashing black eyes full on his face,
she answered, boldly:

"No, it doesn't! Damp my courage, for-
sooth! Do you really suppose I am afraid of
you, Rozzel Garnet? Of you, the most arrant,
white-livered coward God ever afflicted the
earth with! Ha! ha! why, if you think so,
you are a greater fool than even I ever took
you to be."

His teeth closed with a spasmodic snap; he
half rose, in his fierce rage, to his feet, as he
hissed:

"Girl, take care! tempt me not too far, lest
I make you feel what it is to taunt me beyond
endurance!"

"Barking dogs seldom bite, Mr. Garnet;
little snarling curs, never."

"By heaven, girl, I will strangle you if you
do not stop!" he shouted, springing fiercely to
his feet.

She took one step back, laid her hand on a
carving-knife that had been on the table since
dinner-time, and looked up in his face with a
deriding smile.

In spite of himself, her dauntless spirit and
bold daring struck him with admiration. He
looked at her for a moment, inwardly wonder-
ing at that brave and fierce a spirit could ex-
ist in a form so slight and frail, and then, with
a long breath, he sunk back into his seat.

"That's right, Mr. Garnet; I see you have
not lost all your reason yet," said Pet, quiet-
ly; "if you value a whole skin, it will be wise
for you to keep the length of the room between
us. I don't threaten much, but I'm apt to act
when aroused."

"Miss Lawless, forgive my hasty temper. I
did not come to threaten you, to-night, but to
set you at liberty," said Garnet, looking peni-
tent.

"Humph! set me at liberty! I have my
doubts about that," said Pet, transfixing him
with a long, unwinking stare.

"Nevertheless, it is true. To-night they
are all gone—we are alone; say but the
word, and in ten minutes you will be as free
as the winds of heaven."

"Worse and worse! Mr. Garnet, just look
me in the eye, will you, and see if you can dis-
cover any small million-stones there? Do you
really think I'm green enough to believe you,
now?"

"Miss Lawless, I swear to you I speak the
truth. In ten minutes you may leave this
free and unfettered, if you will."

"Well, I declare! Just let me catch my
breath after that, will you? Mr. Garnet, I
have heard of Satan turning saint, but I never
experienced it before. So you'll set me free,
will you? Well, I'm sure I feel dreadfully
obliged to you, though I don't know as I need
to, since but only for you I wouldn't be here
at all. I'm quite willing to go, though, and
am ready to start at any moment."

"Wait one instant, Miss Petronilla. I will
set you free, but on one condition."

"Ah! I thought so! I was just thinking so,
all along! And what might that condition be,
if a body may ask?" inquired Pet.

"That you become my wife!"

"Phew-w-w! Great guns and little ones!
bombs and hurricanes! Fire, murder,
and perdition generally! Your wife! Oh, ye
gods and little fishes! Hold me, somebody, or
I'll go into the high-strikes."

"Girl, do you mock me?" passionately ex-
claimed Garnet, springing to his feet.

"Mr. Garnet, my dear sir, take things easy.
It's the worst thing in the world, for the con-
stitution and by-laws, flaring up in this man-
ner. It might produce a rush of brains to the
head, that would be the death of you, if from
nothing but the very novelty of having them
there. 'Sh-sh! now; I see you are going to
burst out with something naughty; but don't
—you really mustn't speak of your kind friend
and patron with the tail and horns, to ears po-
lite. Mock you! St. Judas Iscariot forbid! I
trust I have too much respect for your high and
mighty majesty, to do anything so impolite.
Sit down, Mr. Garnet, and make your unhap-
py soul as miserable as circumstances will al-
low. No, now that I've seen my mind, I'd
rather not get married just at present, thank
you. I intend to take the black veil some of
these long-come-shorts, if I may be allowed so
strong an expression, and second-hand nuns
are not so nice as they might be. No, Mr.
Garnet, I'm exceedingly obliged for your very
flattering offer; but I really must decline the
high honor of sharing your hand, heart, and
tooth brush," said Pet, countessing.

"And by all the fiends in flames, minion,
you shall not decline it!" shouted Garnet, mad-
dened by her indescribably taunting tone.
"By the heaven above us you shall either be
my wife or—"
"Well," said Pet, sitting down at the table,
resting her elbows upon it, dropping her chin
in her hands, and staring at him as only she
could stare; "what? Why don't you go on?
I never like to have a burst of eloquence like
that snapped short off in the middle like the
stem of a pipe; it spoils the effect."

"Then, mad girl, you shall either be my
wife, or share a worse fate."

"Well, Mr. Garnet, I don't like to contra-
dict you; but if there can be a worse fate than
to have anything to do with you, I'd like to
know it—that's all."

"Then you will not consent?" he said, glar-
ing on her like a tiger.

"Mr. Garnet, for goodness' sake don't make
such an old goose of yourself, asking silly ques-
tions!" said Pet, yawning. "I wish you would
go! I'm sleepy, and you look just now so much
like a shanghai rooster with the jaundice, that
you'll give me the nightmare if you don't clear
out. Mr. Garnet, I don't want to be personal,
but even the nicest young men get tiresome
after a while."

"Petronilla Lawless, take care! Have you
no fear?"

The new-comer was a man apparently about forty years of age, with the bold, handsome features, the flashing black eyes, and raven hair of Ray Germaine. His face was bronzed by sun and wind many shades darker than that of his young prototype; and in his coarse sailor's garb he looked the very beau ideal of a bold, reckless buccaner. And yet, withal, he bore about him the same air of refinement Pet had noticed in the woman Marguerite, as if both had originally belonged to a far different grade of society than the branded outlaws to whom they now were joined.

But that likeness—that wonderful resemblance to Ray Germaine—it completely upset Miss Lawless' nonchalance, as nothing in the world had ever done before. There she sat and stared, unable to remove her eyes from the dark, browned, handsome face that was turned toward her with a look half careless, half admiring, and wholly amused.

The man was the first to break the silence. "You are the young lady they brought here last night, I presume?" he said, watching her curiously.

His voice, too, was like Ray's, and bespoke him, even if nothing else had done so, above his calling—being those low, modulated tones that can only be educated into a man.

Pet did not reply. She did not hear him; in fact, being still lost in digesting her surprise at this astounding resemblance. He watched her for a moment, as if waiting for an answer, and then a smile broke over his face. Pushing back his thick, clustering, raven hair, he said:

"Yes, look at me well, young lady. I presume you never saw an outlaw with a price upon his head before. Is it to curiosity alone, or is it to some concealed deformity, that I am indebted for that piercing scrutiny?"

Pet was aroused now, and reddened slightly at his words and look. Then her old impudence came back, and she answered quietly:

"No, you're not the only outlaw with a price upon his head I have ever seen. I have just had the honor of holding an interview with one; though, really, I don't think his head is worth a price above ten cents. If that, I suppose I have the sublime happiness of holding his mightiness, the commander-in-chief of all the smugglers?"

"Even so! I have returned, you perceive, sooner than was expected; in fact, solely upon your account. I heard you were here, and came to see you."

"Indeed! Well, I hope you like me!" said Pet, pertly.

"Most decidedly," said the outlaw, passing his hand caressingly over his whiskers; "so much, in fact, that if I were not a married man I should be tempted to fall deplorably in love with you on the spot."

"Well, you'll greatly oblige me by doing nothing of the sort," said Pet. "I have had enough of love to last me for one while. Love's not the pleasantest thing in the world, judging by what I've seen of the article; and, with the blessing of Providence, I'm going to have nothing whatever to do with it. May I ask the name of the gentleman whose prisoner I have the unpeakable happiness of being?"

"Certainly. I am called, for want of a better, Captain Reginald."

"Captain Reginald what? That's not a whole name."

His brow darkened for a moment at some passing thought, then he replied:

"Never mind; it serves the purpose, and it's the only one I believe I ever had a right to. I am afraid you find the solitude here rather irksome—do you not?"

"Well, Captain Reginald, to be candid with you, it's not to say a place where a body would like to spend their lives. There's no danger of one's growing dissipated here, or anything that way, you know—which is, of course, an advantage. And now, might I ask who the gentleman is who has put himself to the very unnecessary trouble of having me carried off? All the rest seem to be dumb on the subject, from some cause."

"I fear I will have to be dumb, too, my dear young lady; the gentleman who has shown his good taste by falling in love with you does not wish to be known at present. Can you not guess yourself?"

"Haven't the remotest idea, unless it be Rozzel Garnet, or Orlando Toospegs?"

"No—neither! Garnet, of course, brought you here, but he was paid to do it by another—we outlaws do anything, from murder down, for money. As for Toospegs, or whatever the name may be, I haven't the pleasure of knowing him; but I can assure you it is not he."

"Well, then, I give it up. I never was good at guessing, so I'll not bother my brain about it. Is it high treason to ask how long I am to be cooped up here in this underground hole?"

"Perhaps a fortnight, perhaps longer."

"Vipers and rattlesnakes!—two whole blessed weeks!—whew! Well, Mr. Captain, all I have to say is that I'll be a melancholy case of 'accidental death' before half the time, and then I wish your patron, whoever he may be, joy of his bargain."

"We will hope for better things, my dear young lady. By the way, I have not heard your name yet—what is it?"

"Pet Lawless—better known to her unhappy friends as 'Imp, Elf, Firefly, Nettle, Peppercod,' and many other equally proper, appropriate and suggestive names. 'Queen regent and mistress imperial to all the witches and warlocks that ever rode on broomsticks,' and leaves a large and disagreeable circle of friends to mourn her untimely loss. *Requiescat in pace.*"

All this Pet brought out at a breath, and so rapidly that the smuggler captain looked completely bewildered.

"Lawless!" he exclaimed. "I did not think—do you know Judge Lawless of Heath Hill?" he asked, abruptly.

"Slightly acquainted. They say I'm a daughter of his," said Pet, composedly.

"His daughter! Young lady, are you jesting?"

"Well, I may be—quite unintentional on my part, though; if it sounds funny, you're perfectly welcome to laugh at it till you're black in the face. What was it?"

"You Judge Lawless' daughter?" said the astonished captain.

"Nothing is certain in this uncertain world, Captain Reginald. I've always labored under that impression; if you know anything to the contrary, I am quite willing to be convinced."

"Young lady, I wish you would be serious for one moment," said the smuggler, knitting his dark brows. "If you are his daughter, there has been a terrible mistake here. Did not Rozzel Garnet live at Heath Hill for some years as the tutor of Miss Lawless?"

"Yes, sir, and he was sent about his business for wishing to teach her some things not laid down in the books."

"Then he would know you at once. Oh! it's impossible you can be Miss Lawless."

"Very well, if it affords you any consolation to think so, you are perfectly welcome to your own opinion. Who am I then?"

"You were mistaken for, or rather you ought to be, a young lady, a celebrated beauty who lives in a cottage somewhere on the beach."

"What! Erminie?"

"I really do not know the name. Is it possible you are not the one?"

"Well no, I rather think not. Though I may not be Pet Lawless; and as you say I'm not, I won't dispute it—but I most decidedly am not Erminie Germaine."

"Erminie who?" cried the outlaw, with a violent start.

"Germaine. Perhaps you object to that, too."

"Pardon me; the name is—" He paused and shaded his fine eyes for a moment with his hand, then looking up, he added: "She was the one who was to be brought here; if you are really Miss Lawless, then there has been a tremendous mistake."

"Humph! it seems to me to have been a mistake all through. I shouldn't wonder the least if it turns out to be some of Master Garnet's handiwork. So they wanted to carry off Erminie! Now, I'm real glad I was taken, if it has saved Minnie. It appears to have been a pretty piece of business, from beginning to end."

"I shall put an end to this mystery," said the captain, starting up and going to the door. "Marguerite," he said, lifting the screen, "send Rozzel Garnet here."

"He has gone," replied the voice of the woman. "He went away the moment you entered the room."

"Sold!" cried Pet, jumping up, and whirling round like a top in her delight. "He has taken you all in—made April-fools of every mother's son of you! Carried off me, Pet Lawless, for Erminie Germaine! He knew he would be discovered, and now he has fled; and when you see last night's wind again, you will see him. Oh! I declare if it's not the best joke I have heard this month of Sundays!"

And overcome by the (to her) irresistibly ludicrous discovery, of how the smugglers had been "sold" by one of themselves, Pet fell back, laughing uproariously.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 290.)

Happy Harry,

THE WILD BOY OF THE WOODS;

OR,
The Pirates of the Northern Lakes.

BY OLL COOMES,

AUTHOR OF "IDAHO TOM," "DAKOTA DAN,"
"BOWIE-KNIFE BEN," "OLD HURRICANE,"
"HAWKEYE HARRY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

A "BLOODY" TRICK.

THE savages stood gazing in astonishment on the bloody, lifeless form before them. Eleleah, the princess, set up a chanting wail that rung in mournful, solemn and weird cadences through the woods.

Belshazzar crouched by his young master's side and howled piteously.

The red-skins had no idea how the youthful pale-face had met his death unless it had been at the hands of their friends. They recalled the fact of having heard a rifle report some time previous. But his scalp being untouched was evidence that no Indian had slain him.

They speculated some time over the manner of his death, and were about to institute an investigation, but Belshazzar refused to allow them to touch the body.

A young warrior seized his rifle and was about to shoot the dog when Eleleah interfered. The princess' every wish was their law. To do her bidding the young warriors seemed to vie with each other. She was the flower of the tribe, whose love every warrior strove to win.

By her orders a blanket was thrown over the body, and then she sat down by it and began chanting a sad and mournful requiem to which Belshazzar lent the deep bass of his voice.

Tempy looked out upon the scene, and her own heart grew almost hopeless at sight of the bloody face of the boy crouching before her. She turned away, sat down and wept bitterly.

The warriors became very anxious about the manner of Harry's death and set off to follow the track where he had been dragged along. They followed it some ten rods from camp, or to the point where it appeared the dog had undertaken his laborious work. Even here there was no sign of a struggle, but in the weeds at one side was found the body of a large squirrel. It had been so recently killed that it still retained some animal heat. It had been shot through the head with a small bullet, and its throat had been cut with a knife. Having made this discovery, the warriors exchanged significant glances and started back toward camp as fast as they could run.

In the mean time matters had assumed a lively condition at camp: the warriors were scarcely out of sight ere the blanket that covered the body of Happy Harry was thrown aside and the supposed dead boy rose to a sitting posture and gazed around him, one of the most doleful and distressed looking creatures imaginable. His dirty, bloody face wreathed in a smile, his blue eyes sparkling and his hair hanging down in wet, dragged locks over his face—all conspired to give him a look that would have provoked any one into laughter.

"Great hornets!" he exclaimed. "Munificient Moses! what's all this yowlin' about? A dead man can't rest in peace—hope it isn't old Gabriel's trumpet that Parson Peas used to shout about. Mortal ages! whar be I?"

Eleleah started back aghast and Tempy rushed from her prison-lodge.

"Harkoe! not a word above a whisper," commanded the youth, springing to his feet; "I'm here to save you, little Temple. I am, for a fact. Now come on; follow me as fast as you can."

"Will you not go along, Eleleah?" asked Tempy, as she walked by the princess.

The terrified look on Eleleah's face softened. "I am not wanted!" she replied.

"If you are friendly to us, come along," said Harry, "and we'll talk on the run."

The three at once set off—going directly north.

"How came you in this predicament, Tempy?" Harry asked.

Tempy explained all, even to Eleleah's jealousy.

Harry smiled and said to the princess:

"I am glad to know you are a friend to me, Eleleah, for I did do you a good turn once, and now if you would do the fair thing by me you will promise to see that your white sister gets safe back to her friends. I am not quite done with this island yet, so now let Eleleah prove that she is my dear friend by taking her white sister in yonder canoe to the big boat lying towards the rising sun."

"Eleleah will prove that she is true."

They approached the shore where a light canoe was beached. Harry at once launched the craft. The two maidens entered. Eleleah took the paddle and drove the canoe out into the water, across the channel and sought shelter behind an adjacent island—a movement made by Harry's direction in order that the savages might not see which course they took.

A yell in the vicinity of the camp told Harry that his trick had been discovered and warned him of danger. With Belshazzar at his heels, he crept away through the undergrowth and finally secreted himself—to await the movements of the red-skins—in a thicket where he had left his rifle and accoutrements an hour previous.

"Great hornets, Belshazzar," he said aloud to his dumb companion, "I feel awful squallish with these 'ere dirty duds on me. That poor squirrel wasn't born for nothin'; besides, I'll bet 'em red vagrants will find it and gobble it right down hide and hair, tooth and nail—not the blood, though—we got that. You did your part well, Belshazzar—you done it proper right, you did, for a noble fact. Glad I am that you didn't let the tarnal corrugated sinners feel my pulse, for I'll swan it beat hard enough to bust the buttons off my sleeves when I laid there. And my heart! why, great hornets! it jist got and pounded a jubilee, it did, for a fact. And gracious me! when they threw a blanket over me, I'll swear I thought I'd bust wide open, I wanted to laff so. But, Bel, it hasn't been for the princess you'd a bin shot dead!"

"You. Our look has been good, lately—we always come out top canines in a fight. But, gracious Peter! what yowlin' and yelpin' as what that princess done! she's sweet on us, old dog, she is, for a lovin' fact. If she wasn't an Injin she'd not be sich an all-killing ugly gal. But that blood—that'll show itself on all occasions. You can't tame a full-blood Injin more'n you can fly to Guinea. Why, jist see about the Scroggins family. They took a young pup Injin boy to raise, and fed him up well till he got to ten years old, when he turned in one day and skulped the whole family, burnt up the house, stole the best horse in the neighborhood, and sought the land of his forefathers, and soon become a mighty chief. Now that's Injin, Belshazzar, it is, for a pisen fact. And then, an Injin has some honor, after all, and if that little Eleleah'll jist do as she agreed to and take Temple to the brig-of-war, I'll think a mortal sight of her, and embrace every opportunity to speak a good word for you—whist! there goes one of the red posies—a sweet-scented touch-me-not! and he's on mine and the girl's trail, he is for a fact."

The youth straightened himself up and uttered a sound that seemed to come from beyond the red-skin. The wary foe listened intently for a moment, then bent his course and glided away in the direction from whence the sound emanated.

"Now," said Harry, in a low tone, as if his dumb companion could comprehend what he said, "bear me witness, ole friend, that I am not the most bloodthirsty Yankee boy livin'. I could'a shot that red-skin dead if I'd'a wanted to. But then one gets tired of blood, they do, for an eternal fact. I've seed enough of it the past two weeks to float the biggest war-vessel on the sea. If it is necessary, why, I'll shoot; but then don't do too much good to kill a red-skin. It's like killin' a muskeeter—two will come to see the spot where he fell, and sip from the hole already bored by his dead friend. And so the thing wages, say one and two'll come to avenge him. But there is one thing we must do, Bel, and that's to see whether Captain Kirby Kale is on this island. We don't want to foolish with him, for he's a regular ole devil-catcher. I know it, and am s'prised to see dear ole Long Beard afeard of him. But never mind; we'll spring a leak in his hide if we've got half a chance, we will, for a gospel fact."

With all the caution that the boy could master, he crept softly away through the bushes toward the camp. He soon came to where he could command a full view of it, and so the thing wages, say one and two'll come to avenge him. But there is one thing we must do, Bel, and that's to see whether Captain Kirby Kale is on this island. We don't want to foolish with him, for he's a regular ole devil-catcher. I know it, and am s'prised to see dear ole Long Beard afeard of him. But never mind; we'll spring a leak in his hide if we've got half a chance, we will, for a gospel fact."

With all the caution that the boy could master, he crept softly away through the bushes toward the camp. He soon came to where he could command a full view of it, and so the thing wages, say one and two'll come to avenge him. But there is one thing we must do, Bel, and that's to see whether Captain Kirby Kale is on this island. We don't want to foolish with him, for he's a regular ole devil-catcher. I know it, and am s'prised to see dear ole Long Beard afeard of him. But never mind; we'll spring a leak in his hide if we've got half a chance, we will, for a gospel fact."

In the course of two or three minutes several scouts made their appearance in camp with a look that implied dissatisfaction. In a few minutes more the chief of the party, Gray Fox, and those who had accompanied him, returned from his expedition among the adjacent islands to learn of the trickery of the pale-face boy and the loss of the fair captive, as well as absence of Eleleah.

Captain Kirby Kale came to the island with the chief.

The impression prevailed that Happy Harry had taken Eleleah a captive, and when the whole matter concerning the coming of the supposed dead youth and subsequent release of Tempy was narrated, it suddenly occurred to Kale's mind that he had seen a canoe, with two or three occupants, pass around the adjacent northern island, a few minutes before he saw the chief's party. They were so far persons were, but naturally supposing they were some of Gray Fox's braves, he did not give the matter a second thought after the canoe had passed from view. Now he was satisfied that the canoe contained the fugitives and the missing princess, and so a boat was immediately dispatched in pursuit.

Harry knew what it all meant, but felt satisfied that the maidens were beyond danger of being overtaken, and so he lingered in the woods, his eyes upon Kirby Kale, and his fingers upon the trigger of his rifle. He sought the villain's life in behalf of Long Beard, and yet there was that natural fear and dread attending the taking of human life that caused him to hesitate. He could not deliberately shoot a white man down without justification, and in entertaining these conscientious scruples he lost the opportunity of riding Long Beard of his foe, for Kale turned and moved away, followed by the savages.

The red-skins left all their plunder in camp, evidently with the intention of returning soon. But no sooner were they out of sight than the fearless young scout crept out of his concealment, and entering the camp, heaped every combustible article in it upon the smouldering fire. Quilts, blankets, feather beds and clothing, plundered from Long Beard's cabin, were piled in one promiscuous heap upon the red coals. A huge volume of dense smoke at once began to roll up among the trees, and scatter in the wind over the island. The fetid, stifling smell of burning wool and feathers filled the air. It reached the keen olfactory nerves of the red-skins, and brought them flying back to camp to find their stolen chattels and goods all aflame, and the incendiary gone. Search was

at once instituted for him, but of course in vain.

Believing that he had done all the mischief he possibly could to the red-skins, Happy Harry resolved to quit the island and strike out for the brig. So he crept around to where the enemy had beached their canoes, and selecting the lightest one embarked therein. The island nearest to the one just left laid off to the south, and so he made for that with all his might. It was out of his course, it is true, but he wished to get in behind the nearest island, and endeavor to keep it between him and the enemy. He soon reached the island, and passed around it, as he believed, unobserved; but to his surprise and horror he suddenly discovered the savages in a six-oared barge coming round the island from the other direction, directly toward him.

The youth was almost horror-stricken. He scarcely knew what he could do, and for a moment held the paddle motionless. But no time was to be lost. The savages were not over forty rods away, and were skimming along at a rapid pace. In his flurry and excitement, Harry laid down his paddle and took up his rifle, but a second thought convinced him that to fire upon the red-skins would only add new dangers to his already perilous state. So he laid the rifle aside, and taking up the paddle again pulled for the lake.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WILLIAM MUCKELWEE TAKES A BATH.

MEANWHILE where were Eleleah and Tempy? And had the princess been true to her promise to Harry? She had shown what she could do as an enemy and rival, now let us see what she could do as a friend.

Eleleah was very skillful in the use of the paddle, and sent the canoe gliding swiftly through the water. She labored with all her strength to put an island between them and her red friends, and when she had finally accomplished this successfully, she permitted the canoe to come to a stand that she might gain a moment's rest. Her address and demeanor had assumed a different phase toward Tempy. The cold, relentless look of a jealous captor had vanished. Her speech was softer, and tempered with the kindness of a friend and protector. Her whole soul seemed set upon the accomplishment of the mission entrusted to her by Happy Harry. Her wild eyes stared restlessly around like those of a startled fawn. She was ever on the alert for danger, or rather that which would defeat her escape to the brig-of-war.

Resuming the paddle, she pushed cautiously around the island, and was nearing the eastern side, when she suddenly discovered a succession of waves circling outward from behind the island. She felt satisfied that they were made by some moving object, and fearing it might be made by a party of her friends in pursuit, she turned the canoe in toward the island.

Along the shore at this point grew a fringe of dense, wild rice plants. It grew out in the water and was in places five feet high, making an admirable place of concealment, and into this miniature wilderness the princess drove her canoe. When unable to use the paddle on account of the stalks, she pulled the canoe forward by means of the plants, but so carefully replaced every stalk that the boat left no trail, and when some ten feet in from the open water they came to a halt.

The plants with their loaded heads hung over and around them so densely that they were completely screened from view on all sides. They were blended with the shadows, and at the same time could command a partial view of the open lake, looking through the sieve-like openings among the stalks.

Both of the fugitives listened with bated breath for the approach of the unknown boat, but not a sound save the wave-like rustle of the reeds could be heard for some length of time. Finally, however, they heard a crashing sound among the plants before them—a sound like that which their own canoe made when they entered the rice thicket.

Eleleah's eyes started wildly; she listened with all the intensity of her soul, her hand raised as if to invoke silence, her lips parted as if to speak, and her whole form bent slightly forward and trembling with the intensity of anxiety, like one of the graceful reeds around her.

"What is it, Eleleah?" asked Tempy, in a whisper.

"Danger! danger!" returned the princess.

The noise grew louder, which made it evident that the canoe was approaching.

Eleleah gazed wildly around her, not knowing what to do to avert discovery. The canoe was creeping closer and closer—now so close that they could make out that it contained red-skins.

With dilated eyes and quivering lips the girls sat motionless, watching and listening. And still the boat creeps on—now so close that they can hear a sudden exclamation from the lips of a warrior, who has discovered something!

Eleleah's heart almost ceased to beat. She realized the situation more fully than Tempy did. She listened—she heard an exclamation pass from lip to lip of those in the approaching canoe. There must have been four of the warriors—there were four, for the canoe suddenly crashed past them so close that the plants waving above their heads were disturbed. But singularly enough, every warrior's head was turned—he was looking southward and regarding a dense column of smoke rising from the center of the grove in which their camp was located. They seemed to know what it implied, and in the moment of excitement forgot the object of their search and passed on, leaving the maidens behind them.

Eleleah drew a long breath of relief, and Tempy unfolded her hands that had been clasped over her heart to still its wild throbbing.

The princess waited till the sound of the retreating canoe had died away, then she stood up in the boat and gazed around over the wilderness of rice plants. No sign of life was visible, unless the smoke ascending from the island south might have been considered such.

Tempy saw it, and asked:

"What does it mean, Eleleah?"

"I do not know. Something is burning.

The Wild Boy of the Woods is there yet. He may have set fire to the things taken from your father's cabin."

Tempy sighed sadly, regretfully.

Eleleah began pulling the canoe along through the swamps, moving gradually outward toward the open lake. They were nearly out of the thicket when the boat touched against something in the water possessed of life. A pair of human hands reached out and seized the gunwales of the canoe. A man in their faces, almost to his waist, peered up into their faces with a half-smiling leer. He was a person past forty, with a rough, bearded face, and dressed in a hunter's garb. He carried no weapons except a brace of pistols, the muzzles of which just reached the water.

It was the notorious traitor, Bill Muckelwee. "Gee-glory to heavens!" he exclaimed, as he drew the boat closer to him. "I'm dashed glad you've come along, little folks. I've been standin' here a month, if I've stood a second, I have, by cracky. I jist escaped four dashed or'nerly Ingins. They'd 'a' salted me right down if they had beheld me—say, can't I ride with you, leetle darlin'? I'm dashed near dead—drowned—dissolved, and I know you would not refuse an ole man."

The maidens both regarded this queer specimen of humanity with distrust. His countenance was enough to provoke suspicion in the keen-sighted princess. He was an entire stranger to the girls, and his presence there led them to believe that he was in league with the English and Indians, and had been stationed there for the express purpose of watching for them. Before they could express a permission or refusal to his desire, he threw himself into the canoe with an ease that was remarkable for a man of his age.

The maidens were dumbfounded by his boldness, and sat regarding him with silent amazement.

"Thanks for your generosity, gals," he said, with that same leering expression bordering on the grotesque and comical; "now, where in mercy's name will you take me to?"

"We're going to the brig-of-war on the lake," said Tempy.

"What! holy pokers! that English brig-of-war? Dash it to thunder, are you allies of Great Britain? If you be, I'll get out of this boat if I drown."

"The brig is English, but has been captured recently by the Americans."

"Oh, exquisite de-light! it was, eh? Now I breathe easier—a dashed sight superber. I don't like the English. The royal hounds killed my grandfather at the battle of Bunker Hill."

"How came you to be here, stranger?" asked Tempy.

"How?" drawled the man, somewhat surprised by the question; "why, I took a boat and come down here to ruminate among the Pladiacs—heard it war a dashed superb place for an ole man. A million Ingins, by actual count, gals, big as it may seem, got after me the very second I landed, and so I had to swamp it. Lord! if I've been there a minute, I've been there a month, a roostin' post for lizzards, frogs, serpents, and even a shark a mile long come up the other day and acted as though he wanted to sun himself; but I squirmed some amber into his eyes, and then you'd ort to see him hump himself away from me. But, see here, little dusky-face queen, s'pose you let me take that paddle and do that work."

"I'm stronger and tougher and a dashed sight uglier than you be. I'll jist push this boat across this water like a streak of lightning! across the heavens. I'll do the paddle a dashed sight superber than you ever dreamt of."

Eleleah gave him the paddle and changed seats with him. He took his position, and with a grand flourish of the blade sent the craft out into the open lake, and then turned it upon the maidens' course!

"The big boat is this way," said Eleleah, pointing toward the east.

"Yes, I know it is; but we'd better go around this way, for that's a dashed lot of Ingins' round that way," and the man paddled on.

Eleleah glanced toward Tempy, her eyes flashing with a terrible fire, then she turned to Muckelwee again, and reaching carefully forward, lifted both his pistols from his girdle. So vigorously was the villain working, and so quick and easily had the movement of the princess been, that he failed to detect the theft until Eleleah rose to her feet and cried:

"Stop, pale-face!"

Muckelwee, who sat with his back to both of the girls, turned his head and glanced over his shoulder, to behold two pistols pointed full at his head. The princess held one, and Tempy the other, and the look that flashed in the eyes of the girls convinced him that they were as determined in their intention as their nerves were steady. He started as though a knife had been thrust into his back, and throwing up his arm as if to protect his face, cried out:

"Oh, Lord, dash it! don't! don't!" and he felt for his pistols.

"Get out, or you will die," Eleleah said calmly, yet with a terrible earnestness.

"Why, little un, dash it, what do you mean? Be keerful with 'em 'ere things—they're pisenous."

"Get out or die," repeated the princess.

"You lied to us; you are our enemy, and we know how to shoot. If one miss, the other will not. Get out, for you will die, if you stay here."

A grim smile lit up the face of Eeleelah, while Tempy regarded the whole with a mingled feeling of fear and delight.

The princess plied the paddle vigorously, and soon they had passed the island and were speeding away toward the brig-of-war. The last glimpse they had of Muckelwee, he was standing in the water to his chin, shaking his fist threateningly toward them, and no doubt hissing forth vile imprecations.

"Really, Eeleelah, you are as true and brave a friend as you were a cold and cruel enemy," Tempy finally said, when their proximity to the brig assured them of safety.

"When Eeleelah promises to be a friend, she can keep her word. She is no coward like the English soldiers that skulk behind walls and in holes when they fight."

"I will never forget my red sister's kindness in saving me."

"You owe me nothing. I thought you loved the Wild Boy of the Woods, and I led you into trouble. It was my duty to lead you out, and to your—"

"Oh, Eeleelah!" suddenly cried Tempy, as they neared the brig, her eyes sparkling with manifest joy, "I see my dear papa on board the brig! That is he with the long, white beard!"

"I am glad my white sister will soon be safe and happy with her friends," declared the princess.

In ten minutes more they ran alongside the brig, and were taken aboard amid the wildest shouts of joy.

The reunion of Tempy and her friends was most joyous, and among the first to greet her return was Captain Rankin, who, pale and weak, was out walking about on deck.

But in the midst of the joyous meeting, a man suddenly cried out:

"A boat! a boat."

"Whereaway?" questioned Long Beard.

"Just rounding the island—with one or two occupants. It is bearing this way rapidly—yes, and there comes another boat in pursuit of the first. Look, friend Long Beard."

Long Beard took the glass belonging to the brig, and scanned the two boats closely.

"Ay, by heavens!" burst from his lips, "Happy Harry is in the first boat, and he is being pursued by a number of savages in a six-oared barge. Boys, now is the time to try your hands at the guns. Be quick or Harry will be overtaken!"

The men flew to one of the brig's heavy guns with the alacrity of old gunners, and a moment later a cloud of smoke puffed from the vessel's side, and a thunderous boom rolled across the waters of Lake St. Clair.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 301.)

Nick Whiffles' Pet: OR, NED HAZEL, THE BOY TRAPPER.

BY CAPT. J. F. C. ADAMS.

CHAPTER XII. PURSUED BY SHADOWS.

NICK WHIFFLES stood with gun grasped in both hands, ready to fire at an instant's warning, while Ned Mackintosh held almost precisely the same position directly in the rear of him, the affrighted Miona, pale, motionless and almost breathless at his side.

A dozen feet in advance crouched Calamity, growing and bristling with anger, the only member of the party who was making the least sound.

"Sh! pup," admonished the trapper; "there's no need of making a noise, but keep your head p'inted toward the varmints."

The dog quieted down, but his appearance showed that he was angered at something that was rapidly approaching, and that at the same time, he was agitated by an undefined fear, such as Mackintosh had never seen him show before.

This painful state of suspense was ended suddenly and unexpectedly by the appearance of an enormous grizzly bear that came awkwardly shuffling through the woods directly toward them!

As quick as thought Mackintosh brought his rifle to his shoulder, but ere he could sight it at the approaching monster, Nick furiously gesticulated, and called out in an excited undertone:

"Don't you do it!"

There was no disregarding that command, even though the king of the wilds was almost upon them. Catching the arm of Miona, the two walked rapidly backward, he holding his gun so as to use it effectively, while he kept his eye fixed upon the brute, coming straight at them.

As Calamity was exactly in the path of the bear, his sagacity taught him that the only thing for him to do was to get out of it without attempting to dispute the right of way with this king of the western wilds. So, wheeling about, he skurried behind his master, still snarling and growling and ready to mingle in the fray, as soon as an opportunity offered.

It was a trying moment. Nothing but absolute, undeniable necessity could induce Nick to fire, for he knew that the crack of a rifle would be sure to guide the Blackfeet to the very spot where they were standing.

Instead of firing, therefore, he threw up both hands and sprang directly toward the bear, uttering a suppressed exclamation as he did so. The bear uttered a snuff of terror and then shied off to the left, and at a faster gait than ever galloped away in the wood.

"Now, come," called out Nick, plunging into the forest and taking a course at right angles; "the varmints ain't fur off."

With that sharpness of perception, which was almost intuitive with the trapper, he comprehended from the action of the grizzly bear, the instant he came in sight, that he was fleeing before the Indians, who had roused or unexpectedly come across him in the woods.

The brute made no attempt to disturb either Calamity or his friends, and his advance upon them was merely because they happened to be in his path, shying away the moment Nick added to his terror by shooting in his face.

The Blackfeet were so close that the crack of a rifle would have brought them to the spot ere they could have fled, and hence the prompt, imperative manner in which Nick Whiffles checked the shot that was almost discharged from the gun of Ned Mackintosh.

By this time the sun had set, and the gloom of twilight was already in the wood. Every moment was growing more favorable to the whites, and with something like a renewal of hope, they hurried through the shadowy forest.

Calamity gave no sign of apprehension, but gleefully defied the undergrowth, keeping a goodly lead of the others, and comprehending very well the direction his master wished him to pursue.

Suddenly the sharp and near crack of a rifle rung among the trees, and, confident that one of their number had been struck, Mackintosh turned with a gasp of alarm toward the trap-

per, expecting to see him stagger to the ground; but all that he did was to change the course he had been pursuing, and commence reloading his rifle.

At the same instant the grasp of Miona upon the arm of her lover was spasmodically tightened, and, as he glanced inquiringly toward her, she pointed ahead and aspirated:

"Look!"

In the deepening gloom of the wood Mackintosh saw the figure of a man with arms thrown up, falling backward. He was barely able to discern that it was that of an Indian, when their hurrying steps carried them out of his sight.

It was Nick Whiffles, then, who had fired the gun, and so truly was it aimed, that the unerring bullet drove the life from the body ere he could give utterance to the death-yell, which almost invariably distinguishes the death of the Indian of this country.

"There are others near!" whispered Miona, as they sped away.

Deeper grew the gathering gloom, and the lovers could scarcely keep pace with the hurrying Nick Whiffles, who saw that all depended upon keeping out of sight of the Blackfeet until it was impossible for them to detect their trail, or to see them at any considerable distance in the wood.

Aware of the value of time, the red-skins were pushing their search with the utmost vigor, avoiding any outcry or signaling for fear of giving them the alarm.

The course of the trapper was zigzag as the track of the lightning across the sky. He turned and doubled constantly, moving with great swiftness, until the athletic Mackintosh began to feel exhausted. They were barely able to see the lank form of Nick as he sped along, and he looked like some shadowy fugitive that they were vainly pursuing instead of their own leader.

All at once he came to a halt, and, turning upon them, demanded:

"Be you tired?"

Their panting breath answered his question without their saying anything more.

"By mighty! we've had a sharp run for it!" he exclaimed, breathing somewhat more rapidly himself.

"But will it do to wait here?" asked the trembling Miona.

"Yes; they're off the track now, and by going ahead we'd be as likely to butt into 'em as not—while if we stay here we kin git a rest, that I rather think you folks need."

Need it they did, and were glad enough to get it, both sitting down upon the ground, while the old trapper folded his arms over the muzzle of his upright rifle, and seemed lost in reverie, while Calamity crouched at his feet panting, but as keenly vigilant as ever.

The woods were still—no sound betraying the proximity of their dreaded foes. Where they were, and what they were doing, could only be imagined, but there could be no doubt that they were on the alert somewhere, watchful for the first indication of the hiding-place of the fugitives.

Ten, fifteen minutes passed, and a faint, tremolo-like whistle, was heard, so soft and musical in its character, that Mackintosh could not tell whether it was in the air overhead, or beneath, or beside them.

A moment the same sound was repeated, apparently from the same spot, but Nick Whiffles read both signals aright. The first came from a point several hundred yards to the north, and the other almost the same distance west.

Had the latter been south instead of west, it would have shown that the whites were directly between the two parties giving utterance to them, and that they were closing down upon them; but, coming from the points mentioned, it proved that the Blackfeet had no certain means of guidance and were "feeling" for their prey.

Had Nick Whiffles been alone he would have indulged his characteristic humor, by answering both of these signals, and equally misleading both. He had done so many a time when alone on the war-path, and he was strongly tempted to do so now.

It was only his regard for the safety of the two dear friends under his charge that induced him to forego this little piece of amusement, and to give his whole energies to keeping them out of danger.

The whites now made a slight change in their position, passing deeper into the wood, where the trees were more dense, but, as they immediately discovered, they were beside a sort of path, such as are made by animals going to and fro to water. They fell into this path without noticing it until they had gone some distance, when Nick immediately left it.

"How long are we to wait here?" inquired Mackintosh.

"Till we git some idea of where the varmints are," replied the trapper. "We must git out of this condemned valley afore morning, or we'll never git out of it."

His plan was to wait where they were until they could advance with a tolerable certainty of not running into great danger.

Their movements and turnings up to this time had been guided solely with the purpose of keeping out of immediate danger only. When the red-skins were endeavoring to close about them, the utmost they could do was to keep slipping out of their grasp, until time could be gained for some plan of escape altogether.

The report of Nick Whiffles' rifle narrowed the struggle down to an exceedingly narrow point. The Blackfeet, scattered here and there through the wood, instantly converged toward the point, just in time to find their dead comrade, and to miss finding who had been the means of his taking off.

For several minutes succeeding the signals mentioned nothing was heard except the distant sound of the torrent and the rustle of the night-wind through the leaves overhead.

Then, all at once, the same whistle reached their ears, sounding so close that even Nick Whiffles himself started. Seemingly guided by fate, the Indians, without any certain knowledge themselves of the fact, were drawing nearer and nearer to the party each minute.

Nick stepped softly forward, and whispered to Miona to stand behind the tree closest to her, Mackintosh did the same, and then, as the trapper took his position he whispered:

"Don't stir or speak till I give the word."

Calamity, at this juncture, gave utterance to an almost inaudible whine.

"Sh! pup!" said his master, and all was still again, the dog retreating to the denser cover of the wood.

This had hardly taken place when a slight rustling was heard, and the outlines of a huge Indian were discerned walking stealthily along the path. He seemed really a shadow, so silently did he move, and so swift were his footsteps that he was in view only a minute, when he slid into invisibility, and a second later another form came to view.

Nick Whiffles was the closest to the path, and he recognized this individual despite the

darkness. The peculiar head dress, which he sported, marked him as the prime mover in this mischief. He was the young chieftain, Red Bear, seeking so determinedly for his bride, who was seeking with equal determination to get beyond his power.

Miona thought the beating of her heart would betray her, when this second form stopped almost opposite her.

Could it be that his acute ear heard the tumultuous throbbing of her heart? Had some slight rustling of her dress, inaudible to herself, caught his attention? Did the magnetic consciousness of her presence make itself known to him, as we are warned of the proximity of another person, when our senses fail to acquaint us with the fact?

She felt as if she would sink to the ground, when she made certain that the red-skin had halted so near her. It seemed to her that all was over, and despair took the place of hope that had been cheering her on.

Still she sustained herself from falling, and hardly allowed herself to breathe. Pressing her hand to her heart, as if to still its beating, she uttered her prayer that the danger might pass by her.

In this extremely delicate situation matters stood, when Red Bear, without moving a limb, gave out the same tremulous-like whistle that had already been heard several times, repeating it twice, with a slight interval.

Alarming as was the sound, it was cheerful under the present circumstances, for it proved that Red Bear was really unaware of his neighbors, and Miona accepted it as such, scarcely able to repress a sigh of relief.

The signal was answered by some one further up the path, and then Red Bear moved on, followed by another and another, until nine Indians had fled by, all moving so close that Nick Whiffles could have tripped any or all of them, by merely thrusting out his foot.

For several minutes after the last had passed none of the party moved. Then the trapper stepped out in the path, as a signal that the others might do the same. His action was speedily imitated, and they began moving forward again, taking a course directly opposite to that pursued by the Indians.

As there was a possibility, if not a probability of encountering some more of the red-skins, Calamity took up his old position of *avant courier* for his friends, maintaining such a relative position that he could easily give them warning in time for them to dart aside again from the path.

The lovers very naturally had lost their reckoning entirely, but Nick Whiffles knew that the path they were following led almost parallel to the two ridges between which they were placed, so that as long as it was followed they were really making little or no advancement toward their real destination.

But his present purpose, as it had been for some hours past, was to get beyond the immediate vicinity of the Indians, so as to obtain some freedom of movement. As the path afforded them the opportunity to move much more rapidly than through the broken wood, and at the same time was less liable to cause a betrayal of their presence by the noise of brushing limbs and breaking twigs, he availed himself, so far as was possible, of these advantages, and pressed forward with something like his old haste.

In the constant hurry and excitement of their situation, Ned Mackintosh scarcely found time to exchange a word with the trembling, affrighted Miona, who kept as close to him as the nature of the ground would permit; but now and then he managed to whisper a word of encouragement, and to press the little hand that rested so confidently in his own.

It was scarcely a time for sentimentality or for any expression of love; but the peril which hung over all seemed to bring the two in closer union, and my hero felt that he would be glad to face any danger that would attest and prove his devotion to her.

The skill and sagacity of Nick Whiffles, favored by Providence, had sufficed to bring them through a labyrinth of peril, but they were yet in the gravest danger.

How much longer could a collision be postponed? Was there a possibility of reaching and passing over the ridge, without a deadly encounter with the Blackfeet? While they had hoped that there were no more than three or four in pursuit of them, there was now every reason to believe that there were over a dozen fully-armed and vigilant red-skins following them like bloodhounds.

Where would the morrow find them? Even if on the other side the slope, would their safety be anyways increased? Would they not be followed with the same unrelenting ferocity?

Such were the thoughts that were in the head of Ned Mackintosh, when a sudden stoppage of Nick Whiffles and his suppressed "sh!" warned them that they were in the presence of a new and startling danger!

CHAPTER XIII. THE SLEEPING SCOUT.

ADVANCING a few steps nearer to Nick Whiffles, the lovers saw what was now the cause of the alarm. Directly ahead of them, and seemingly in the path itself, they plainly saw the gleam of a camp-fire.

It was plain that the old trapper was somewhat puzzled over this. Certain at once that there was some deep design in it, he was at a loss to comprehend what the design was. Common opinion would have pronounced this to be the regular campfire of the Blackfeet, but even Mackintosh knew that such a thing was extremely improbable; for the Indians were not in camp, and would not kindle a fire in the vicinity of an enemy, unless it was intended to be used as some means to decoy them into destruction.

So the party paused for a few minutes, while Nick cautiously approached to reconnoiter. He went nearer and nearer, until no more than a hundred feet separated him from it, and prudence warned him against going further.

He then saw that the fire was burning directly in the path, but there was no sign of any person near; but, satisfied that there must be some one, he waited and watched. Something like a half-hour had passed, and the fire was sensibly diminishing, when an Indian suddenly came to view out of the darkness, and throwing quite a large quantity of sticks and brush upon the flames, retreated to the shelter of the forest again. Nick waited and watched, expecting to see others, but none at all were visible, and it was evident that this was the only Blackfoot in the immediate vicinity.

With his remarkable sagacity, Nick now began to comprehend what all this meant. The Blackfeet were taking pains to keep the fire burning, expecting that it would perhaps catch the eye of the fugitives wandering in the vicinity. They would be apt naturally to

drift into the path, and seeing the fire would make a *détour* to avoid it. On each side of the fire, and at some distance in the wood, there were doubtless Indian sentinels on the alert to discover, and instantly make known their whereabouts to the Indians searching for them.

This was Nick's theory of what he saw, although, at the same time, he saw that it was no very brilliant strategy, and the chances of its success were quite remote; but it had its danger, nevertheless, and he turned back to warn his companions.

The natural course that now suggested itself was for the party to leave the path altogether, and, pursuing a course at right angles to it, make directly for the ridge over which they were so desirous of passing.

This was done with only a moment's delay, necessary for a complete understanding of the movement. The Indians seemed still on every side of them, and too much caution could not be exercised in every movement made. The keenness of Calamity was invaluable, and he had already been the means of saving them from capture more than once.

"We're in a condemned difficulty yet," remarked Nick, as they stepped out of the path; "it's hard traveling over these rocks, and if you ain't blamed careful the varmints 'll hear you, too."

"You mustn't go too fast," admonished Miona; "two or three times I came near losing you."

"I'll take care of that," was the reply. "Are you good for a long tramp?"

"I am good for any exertion that will get us out of this dangerous place," she answered; "it seems that we are making no progress at all."

"We ain't much, sartin. How do you stand it, Ned? Are you 'bout ready to give up?"

"I will notify you, Nick, when I need rest," laughed Ned. "I am somewhat tired, but my only trouble is drowsiness. You know I haven't slept for two nights, and if I stand still for ten minutes, I find my eyes getting heavy."

"You must fight it off, for we ain't going to have any time to sleep to-night. Wait till we git where there's a chance, and you may sleep for a week. Come ahead now, and mind what I said 'bout making a noise; it seems to me that's a hundred of the varmints skulking all 'round us."

Again they moved forward, taking a route that was much more difficult to follow than the other. Here and there the woods were so full of dense undergrowth that they were forced to pick their way with great carefulness, or else to change their course entirely; then again huge rocks interposed, causing the same difficulty; but the trapper still maintained his general direction, advancing closer and closer to the ridge on the northeast of them.

The sky was clear, and while they were passing along in this manner, the moon appeared above the ridge behind them, casting a dim light over the forest, and helping them on their way at the same time that it also increased the danger of their being seen by the Indians, who were leaving no stone unturned to detect and capture them.

Occasionally Whiffles paused and listened, while Calamity was never more alert and keen-scented. So long as he gave no sign of disturbance a certain feeling of security was with all; it was only when he showed uneasiness that the lovers apprehended serious trouble.

No little progress was made in this direction, and the reaction of hope was strong with all, when, as if to remind them, they were doomed beyond all question, Nick Whiffles exclaimed:

"By mighty! if we ain't runnin' afoul of another of their infernal camp-fires; do you observe that?"

As he spoke he pointed into the wood, where the well-known glimmer was distinguishable, directly ahead of them, and in such a position that had they continued their progress they could not have saved themselves from running directly into it.

Again the veteran trapper was nonplussed. Why this second camp-fire should be kindled was a puzzle to him, as there was no reason certainly for the Blackfeet to think that they were going to run against it. It might be, however, that there were a dozen of these same camp-fires burning here and there through the valley, and this was only a part of a plan that was intended to prevent the possibility of their escape from the valley.

The first question of course was what was to be done, and Nick answered it by proposing a different course of procedure.

"Ned, you haven't forgot the way you used to steal through the woods—I can see that, the way you've managed since you've been with me—so I'm going to let you ruckynoiter that on one side, while I take the other."

"And I am to approach it from the front, I suppose," said Miona, with a laugh.

"I want you to stay exactly where you are till we come back to you," was the reply.

"Here is my blanket," said Mackintosh, adjusting it about her shoulders; "you can wrap it about you, and as you must be quite drowsy, you can obtain the much-needed slumber."

"You are sure you will know where to find me?" remarked the girl, doubtfully, to Nick.

"You needn't think nothin' of that; all you've got to do is, to cuddle down with the blanket about you, say your prayers and go to sleep."

Mackintosh kissed her good-by, and, with a fond word or two, the men moved away.

"Now," said my hero, "I want to understand precisely what is expected of me."

"Wal, then, I want you to go within 'bout a hundred feet of that fire, on your right, and I'll go the same on the left, and we'll keep on till we meet on t'other side."

"Suppose we miss each other, shall we take our old style of whistle? I think I haven't forgotten to make that."

"We mustn't lose each other, Ned."

"But the thing is possible, Nick, and a wise general prepares for all known contingencies before going into battle."

"There mustn't be any whistling or signaling between us at all. If you get off the track, I'll set the pup to huntin' you, and I think he'll scent you out, if you climb a tree."

"Ah! I forgot Calamity," replied Ned, as he stooped and patted the head of the faithful brute. "What would we do, if it wasn't for him? All right, then. I think I understand my part."

A few more words were exchanged, that the two might make sure that they understood each other, and then they separated. Nick Whiffles thus doing what all military science would condemn, dividing his force in the face of an enemy; but, under the circumstances, he was justified in his strategy, as the efficient part of his company were merely thrown forward as "skirmishers," and with the purpose of feeling the foe.

Nick, I may as well remark, completed his

part of the reconnaissance, as a matter of course, without difficulty, but a most singular experience was that of Ned Mackintosh, as I shall now proceed to show.

The training of five years before could never be eradicated from the young man, and, with something like amusement, he saw himself moving forward with the caution, stealth and celerity of a veteran scout.

He constantly glanced toward the camp-fire; and, as he advanced further and further, he became aware that it was not a "dummy," like the one he had passed some time before, but that there were men near it. He could see figures occasionally moving between him and the blaze, which flamed up irregularly, as though it was being fed by those around it.

Such being the case, Mackintosh felt that it was his duty to make a closer inspection of the party. His position might be such as to give him a better opportunity than Nick, and he decided upon making as close an approach to the fire as was possible.

Following the custom of scouts at such times, he sunk down on his hands and knees, and began creeping stealthily forward.

There was a sort of fascination in this, as he remembered to have felt when a boy, while he was stealing upon some game, and he drew nearer and nearer, until prudence warned him that it would not do to go any further, and he paused.

He was now lying flat upon his face, his eyes fixed keenly upon the blaze, watching the figures that occasionally flitted to view, intent only upon learning what he could learn, when he became sensible of the old feeling of drowsiness creeping upon him.

What should he do? Regular as he had been in his habits, it was impossible for him to fight off the insidious approach of the "restorer," which never seemed so sweet, so balmy, so tempting as then.

"Shall I retreat, and move about until I gain command of myself?" he asked, as he debated the danger in his own mind.

Then he concluded that if he went further away from the camp-fire, he would put himself in a position where he could learn nothing at all regarding the Indians, and his reconnaissance would then be a failure altogether.

By this time, Mackintosh was in that reckless state of mind, which immediately precedes slumber, and in which he cares very little how wags the world, and is only anxious that his slumbers be not disturbed.

Two minutes later, as he lay stretched out upon the ground, he was sound asleep.

Fortunately for Ned Mackintosh, his position was such that he breathed freely and easily, so that there was no danger of his presence being betrayed by that means alone.

He was so close to the camp-fire, that it only needed to throw its rays somewhat further to strike his prostrate and unconscious form, for he was as oblivious of his danger, as though he were across the ocean, thousands of miles away.

Again and again was the fire replenished, and it flamed higher and higher, but still he slept on. A half dozen or more of Indians were coming and going before the camp-fire; they occasionally grouped together, but they remained unmindful of the near proximity of one of the very men for whom they were searching.

Occasionally the tremolo-like whistle was heard in the stillness of the night, and the replies came from different parts of the wood, but where or whether the vengeful Blackfeet passed, they failed to discover their victims.

But this state of things could not continue for any length of time. One of the keen Blackfeet left the camp-fire and wandered off in the very direction where Mackintosh was lying, halting about a dozen yards away, where he stood like one uncertain in what direction he should turn his steps.

At this juncture, the sleeper moved uneasily in his slumber, throwing his arm from off his face. Slight as was the noise, it caught the ear of the red-skin, who started and glanced furtively in the direction, as if he suspected danger.

In the gloom of the wood he discerned nothing, but he carefully withdrew further into the darkness, where he was better protected himself, and then began circling around the point whence issued the suspicious sound.

Again the arm of the sleeper struck the dry leaves, and the Blackfoot was able to tell precisely where the noise occurred.

Something certainly was there that needed investigation, and he crouched down like a panther and began circling around it.

Step by step he drew near, until at length he was enabled to detect the figure of a man stretched out upon the ground.

"What could it mean?" the Indian instinctively asked himself, pausing and gazing at the form, doubtful whether it was that of a dead or dying man.

As the savage was now situated, the latter was between him and the fire, so that he could see any movement made by the stranger, and while he was looking at him, he saw a foot stir.

This proved at once that the man was alive, and the indifferent way in which he stirred it, proved at once that he was not wounded.

The Indian had already discovered that he was a white man, and consequently one of the very party for whom they were searching, and he comprehended at once that he must be asleep.

What a fortunate thing for the Blackfoot! His heart gave a leap of exultation at the thought. While the other dozen or more were searching here, there, everywhere for the whites, here was one directly in his power.

It was very easy to summon his comrades around him, to secure the poor fellow at once, but why do that?

Was he not abundantly able to take care of him? Ay, though he were aroused and fully armed, the Blackfoot would have sprung forward, eager to meet him in the hand-to-hand encounter.

So, drawing his knife, he crept on toward him. He was determined that the glory of his scalp should belong to him alone. He would carry it into camp and glory over it, in the face of the other braves.

Only a few feet separated them, and the knife was in the hand of the Indian, who was now certain of his prey.

And still Ned Mackintosh slumbered! (To be continued—commenced in No. 295.)

An eight-year-old boy sent the following rather warm ep

THE PEDAGOGUE.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

A quiet man, sedate and grave,
A far and keen discernment,
To wisdom's love his heart he gave—
His breath-sprout to the learner.

A man of wise intelligence,
A careful man and prudent,
He knew of cause and consequence,
And how to look a student.

He put young feet into the way
That led to future dollars;
In training minds he passed the day—
And walloping the scholars.

In sciences new-found he had
No conscientious scruples,
But kept the good and spurned the bad,
And thrashed the screaming pupils.

He wished to see them all become
Physicians, lawyers, merchants;
He loved to make a quiet room
And spank the unwary urchins.

He seldom smiled; he had a voice
Quite firm but very fluent;
In studiousness he did rejoice,
And licked the wily wits.

Knowledge alone, he said, was power,
And led to lofty places,
And strapping the boys like blazes.

He felt it was his lot to teach,
And so he loved it dearly,
He taught along throughout life's reach
And switched the lads severely.

He said that on the teacher hung
Our country's whole reliance,
And by the hand he took the young
And logged the youthful scions.

His soul from school has long been free,
The fact seems quite bewildering,
And somehow now it seems to me
That he used to whip the children.

How Two Women Waited.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

He stood before her, in all the perfection of his splendid manhood, that had won her so surely; he laid his hands—warm, pulsing with vitality, that sent swift, electric currents from head to foot of her slender form—his white, strengthful hands on her shoulders; he let the gaze of his eyes meet her own fully, not caring, perhaps not knowing how it hurt her.

"Well!" She spoke only the one questioning word, because it seemed his eyes, his manner called for the word, and he felt the rigid nerve of her frame to listen to what he knew would half kill her, to what she knew, with her woman's fine perception, sharpened by such agonies of painful despair as she had passed through, would stab her heart anew.

She raised her eyes to his, then, with a little silent shiver curling round her heart, they dropped the white lids over them again, and waited for what he would say; waited as the swaying reed by the river bank waits, and bends before the blast that comes sweeping shrilly over the waters and marshy wastes.

"It has always been that the dearest friends must sometimes say good-by. It has come to us to-day, Miriam."

Friends! friends!—they two, after all that frightfully happy six months—friends!

"But—but—!" She spoke so to tell him she could not bear it, this sudden tearing out of her life the only light it had ever known, the one great happiness vouchsafed her. Yet she was woman, and must keep silent, though her heart-strings break.

He was watching her closely, this man who had made her worship him so, with an adoration that was a religion. He watched the restraint she thought she had over herself with a keen, pleasurable pride, mingled—only very slightly—with pity.

He certainly could not help it if Miriam Clyde loved him. He was not to blame if the gods had given him so perfect a face that every woman who saw it thrilled under its beauty. Certainly he was not obliged to cease his courtly, caressing ways, when they were as natural to him as the air he breathed. And if women would fall in love with him, would any man refuse the good the gods gave?

Certainly not Florian Cleveland, of all men, in whom, to his rare personal beauty was added such keen, fine appreciation of all the good things of this world, such indolent, happy acceptance of the home he had learned to accept as his particular birthright. So now, he watched Miriam Clyde as her lips quivered in spite of her desperate efforts to control herself; he saw the ominous brightness in her eyes that spoke of tears none the less rebellious that they were crushed; he felt her form shiver and tremble under his touch; and then he stooped and kissed her forehead.

"I have much to thank you for, dear. You have been so good to me all this long, lonely winter, and I never about herget it. But, you know, I cannot stay longer."

His voice was full of a tenderness that fairly maddened her; his kiss on her forehead would scorch there forever; and yet, he didn't care. To him his coming, his departure, were only so many pleasant episodes in his life; while she—oh! how could she bear it? and when that keen pang shot through her very soul, telling her it was life or death to her, then she forgot everything, save that she was a woman who loved Florian Cleveland; a woman he did not care about.

She walked up to him, then stopped so near him that he felt the warm, quick, fragrant breathings on his face.

"What did you ever come here for? Why have I been permitted to know you—with all your brilliant beauty of face, your god-like stateliness of form, your voice of perfect melody, your heart and soul and mind touched with a power, a subtle fascination that accords so perfectly with mine?"

She had utterly forgotten herself, this girl who had been all ice until Florian Cleveland had transformed her into fire. And he listened so courteously, so deprecatingly, and so triumphantly at this latest, sweetest trophy.

"If I had never seen you! if I had never known you! if—"

Then it rushed over her with sickening force how she was committing herself, unsolicited; and the hot blood surged over her face in wave after wave.

"Child! poor child, you love me so? Do you, Miriam?"

He led her to the sofa, and leaned against the window while he looked at her, her face hidden in her hands. She did not answer, and he went on, in his low, exquisite voice:

"I am not worthy of you, dear, and, besides, you know I must go, and why. You know the duty I owe to Hildred Owen, and as her husband you will forget me and be happy. Good-by, Miriam, dear child!"

He kissed her hot, tear-bathed fingers; she never moved a muscle, or made a sound, and he went out, away, forever.

Desolate, so desolate! so heart-sick and heart-sore! this one love of her life thrown back in

her face by the one who had taught her what love meant!

She sat there till the night-shadows fell. She lived a lifetime of agony in those two hours, and then, wondering vaguely how she should ever take up the burden of life again—wondering what that strange, blank sensation was that was enveloping her like a cold, gray cloud, she got slowly up from her seat, and sought the sound of a human voice.

And, as days went on, and weeks, people would gaze pitying at her, and whisper confidentially to a friend—"Poor Miriam! she gets more absent-minded and melancholy every day. Do you really think she is demented?"

Weeks and months later, when she would inform every one that her wedding-dress was ready, and she was waiting for her bridegroom to come—then, it was no longer surmised, but known, that Miss Clyde was insane; and in merciful kindness they took her away, from home and its associations, to strange, new scenes.

Hildred Owen was a royally beautiful woman, with that about her, distinct, yet impalpable, that betokened her high-breeding, that plainly bespoke her one of Nature's own aristocrats.

Royally beautiful indeed, with a subtle grace in her face, independent movements that had been one of the chief charms which had won Florian Cleveland; with a tender, dainty sweetness and softness about her that were the very essence of womanliness.

She was rich—she had never known an ungratified wish since she had been old enough to express one, and yet she was unspoiled, possessing one of those lovely, amiable dispositions that are proof against the souring qualities of either too great prosperity or adversity. And, added to all the other good things Fate and Fortune had favored her with, came the crowning joy and glory of her young, fresh life—the proffered love of Florian Cleveland, the god among men who had chosen her for his own.

After their engagement, it seemed to Hildred as if this world contained no purer, higher happiness than heaven had given her; and, in the strength and worship of her love for him, she lived her life perfectly content even when separated for a time, but united by such precious letters as only Florian Cleveland could write.

Now, after a separation of many months, they were to meet, and Hildred thought, as she sat with Florian's telegram in her hand, announcing that he would be at Lakelet House within twenty-four hours, that the very culminating point of human bliss was reached.

"I must look my best, my very best, when he comes," she thought, with a tender pride that he would find any fault with her. "I will wear my white dress, and the Roman pearls he always likes to see—my darling, my own splendid lover! my—"

A low, thrilling cry startled her, and then, a voice, in tender, coaxing entreaty:

"You had better come in, dear. See—the dew is taking all your curls out."

"How can I come in, auntie, when he will expect to find me waiting for him. I have been waiting so long, haven't I?"

The pitiful pathos in the words smote Hildred to the heart. Who was coming? who was waiting? Then she heard again:

"But if you will only be down for a while, dear. He won't be here just yet, you know."

"So you always say. How can I get any rest when he doesn't come? If there was music, now, or if somebody would only sing that song I heard once."

Almost with hushed breath, Hildred heard the voice wail a verse of a ballad she had often sung herself.

"Oh, God! I cried,
And none heeded
Knew the grief my heart was in.
Oh, give me back my bonny lad,
None else my love can win!
Oh, give me back my bonny lad,
When the flowing tide comes in!"

Then, after the low, trembling plaint ceased, came a long, low silence, and Hildred knew there was temporary rest for the sweet-voiced girl in the adjoining room, who it was plainly evident, was not in her right mind.

Later, she learned the piteous story—the girl was insane, hopelessly so, and her one lament was for the lover who had won her, and left her.

Hildred's womanly heart was thrilled with the sad story; and that night, when she knelt beside her bed, she thanked God with overflowing heart and eyes, that she was so safe, so secure, so happy in Florian's dear love, while this other fair girl was bereft of both happiness and lover!

All that next day Hildred was unusually quiet, even in anticipation of the great happiness in store for her; even when she had attired herself in her exquisite white dress, and wound the big pearls on her throat and at her wrists—waiting for him—her pride, her idol, her darling; waiting—so hopefully, while just in the next room, she could hear the excited, joyous burden of the girl's heart, who was also waiting—ah! for what?

"I tell you I know he is coming! I can feel it here! I knew the moment he started toward us, and I know he is nearly here. He has kept his word after all; I shall never complain because I have waited so long. There—see! see! didn't I tell you so?"

And close following after that shrill cry of triumph and joy Hildred heard the rush of flying feet pass her door and descend the stairs.

Then, impelled by a strange curiosity she never had experienced before, she slowly followed, fate-driven, to see Florian Cleveland standing on the veranda, and clinging around his neck, a pale, wan girl, with eyes of intensest brightness lifted imploringly; and the same voice she heard in the next room speaking to him.

"Florian, my darling, I knew you would come! They all said you wouldn't but I knew you loved me all the time, and would never forget me! You did kiss me when you went away, didn't you, dear? and now I am all ready and waiting!"

The gentleman was pale as a ghost and glanced half-guiltily around as if seeking relief from his unwelcome burden. Then an elderly lady came hurrying down stairs, past Hildred, and sternly confronted him.

"You see the work of your hands, Mr. Cleveland—although I deplore the fate that has directed you to cross this poor child's path again. Come, Miriam, dear."

But she clung closer to him, kissing his hands with an adoration unpeakably touching.

"Not unless Florian goes. Come, dear, will you?" Then, seeing the sternness on his face, she gave a cry of fear.

"Don't look that way—don't be—"

And then, without a second's warning, she fell forward, to be caught in Hildred Owen's outstretched arms. Then, for the first time, Cleveland saw her and a deeper shade of horror darkened his face.

"Hildred, my dearest—"

With a superb cresting of her head she silenced him.

"Not now. Madame!"—to the lady in charge of Miriam Clyde—"is there anything I can do of service to you or her?"

Miss Amy Clyde took the girl's head tenderly off Hildred's bosom, laid her hand over the pulseless heart, then answered with a great, quiet reverence:

"Thank you—thank God! no. She has passed beyond the gates. God has been more merciful than man."

With uncovered heads they carried her to her chamber and laid her on her couch, crossed her hands over her heart that, beating, could only love Florian Cleveland; that, repulsed by him, had no alternative but to break. And thus one woman waited for his coming!

When they had gone Hildred turned to Cleveland, all her soul shivering in imperious, lightning glances from her eyes.

"How dare you call me dearest—and she has died for love of you; and you—less worthy the sacrifice than of my blind infatuation! Go your ways, and let the memory of this day never leave you. Take back your ring, while I thank God all my life I knew what I now know before it was too late."

She threw the heavy golden band off her finger and on the floor at his feet, then, with the tread and air of an empress who has dismissed a disgraced vassal, Hildred Owen withdrew herself from his presence and all possibility of future happiness from his life. And so another woman waited for him—an unconscious, constituted Nemesis of Miriam Clyde's wrongs.

JANE.

BY FRANK DAVES.

'Twas first beneath you towering oak
That stands beside the lane,
I felt the glow, and knew that I
Did love the gentle Jane.

I thought she was an angel
Sent to cheer my weary life;
But oh! she died and went away,
And never was my wife.

The summer days were long and bright,
The woodland songsters fair
When she departed from my sight,
And faded quite away.

Oh! she was bright and happy,
And was always at my side;
Yet, laid her in her lowly grave
Before the flowers died.

And when the summer perished, too,
And autumn winds had blown
The maple leaves she loved so well
About her low headstone,

And while the sod was fresh and dank,
The woodland songsters fair
Did perch upon the swinging boughs
And sing her favorite air.

Oh, may her ashes rest in peace
Beneath the dewy sod;
And may her fair and gentle soul
Be resting now with God.

The Phantom Train.

BY HENRI MONTCAIM.

You may think what you please in regard to the event I am about to describe, and I shall think what I please. Probably we should never agree. You may not believe in ghosts and phantoms, but I do. For I know that on the evening of the 17th of March, ten years ago, I was passenger on a phantom railroad train, and my fellow-passengers were not human beings like myself, but ghostly, staring ghosts.

I am an insurance agent. Besides my commission, I am paid a regular salary by a large company of New York—for traveling about the country, taking risks and establishing agencies. On a certain day, the 17th of March I have just mentioned, I had found myself in the country town of Rumford, a station on one of the principal railroads running west. About the only business I accomplished there was to induce a young man, John Denham by name, to take an agency for the town. He was an intelligent young fellow and I was especially anxious he should do it, because most of the policies in that section were issued by rival companies, and I wished to run them out, if possible.

I got well acquainted with young Denham during the day and took tea at his father's house that evening. It was only at the table I learned that the half-past seven accommodation to S— had been recently taken off and there was no other train down to the city that night. I showed so much vexation at this—for I was really very anxious to get to S—that night, having an engagement there early in the morning—that Mr. Denham, senior, finally offered to let John harness up and take me over to Burbank, a larger town four miles down the road, where he said the 11.25 express pulled up a moment.

As my case was an urgent one I accepted, though I was sorry to put them to so much trouble, especially on such a dirty kind of night. It had been raining steadily for the last two days and had as yet showed no signs of clearing.

So, shortly after supper, young Denham went out to get the horse ready.

"We had better go at once," he said. "The roads are bad and I shall not get back much before eleven. You will have to wait an hour or so at Burbank, but you won't mind that."

After he had gone out the old man went to the window and stood looking out. "It's a bad night," he remarked, without turning his head, "just such a one as I remember it to have been five years ago this very month—ay, this very night, I believe. It is the 17th, is it not?"

He paused a moment, thoughtfully, and then went on. "I shall never forget it, how I lay awake in the early part of the night and heard the express go by, the whistle sounding something like some unearthly shriek of despair amid the wind and rain; and not ten minutes after the whole train was lying mangled and broken at the bottom of Bullock's Creek. Hardly a soul of them got out alive. I hope never again to see such a sight as I saw the next morning when they took the bodies out. Luckily, they didn't have such big trains then as they do now. And the bridge there won't be likely to wash away again. It is built strong enough this time."

The old gentleman ceased speaking and came and sat down beside me at the fire. I had traveled a great deal in my life and knew something of railroad accidents, yet somehow or other, the wildness of the night and the fact that I was about to pass over this same spot gave this one of which the old man spoke unusual interest, and I asked him more particularly about the Bullock's Creek disaster. He told me a great deal, and told it so graphically that I grew not a little nervous before he finished, and when the time came for me to don my rubber coat and take my leave,

I was more than half inclined to give up going at all that night. But I quickly shook off this weakness and followed John out and took my seat in the buggy. We pulled up the boot and drove off down the road, not to any great extent inconvenienced by the rain, which just now came down steadily but not heavily.

We had accomplished something more than half the distance, when, all at once, the horse turned lame and could hardly hobble along. This was unfortunate enough under the circumstances but could not be helped. Denham urged him on another half mile, but at the end of that distance the poor beast gave out entirely, and it was with difficulty that we got him into the barn of a farm-house standing by the road. This done, however, and it being but little more than a mile further to Burbank, I announced my determination of footing it the rest of the way. John proposed to get a fresh horse of the farmer and drive on, but I would not consent to this, and after receiving full directions as to the way I started off. I was to go on down the road a piece and turn off at the first right-hand road, which would take me straight to the railroad track. Here I must turn to the left and then a walk of three-quarters of a mile would bring me to the Burbank station. "Remember, now," was John's last injunction, "turn to the left when you get to the track. The right would take you up the road again to Bullock's Creek."

The night was of course very dark and the road muddy, but I had little trouble in finding my way. I soon found the corner, and turning down what was more a cart-path than a road, I walked on as rapidly as I could, and after an eighth of a mile from the main road I came upon the railroad track. I wish to say here that I distinctly recollect turning off to the left and making my way down the track to the station. Some persons to whom I have told this story, thinking they know much better about it than I, and being anxious to account for what followed, have tried to convince me that I must have turned to the right and gone straight down to Bullock's Bridge. Very likely you will reason in the same way yourself when I have finished my story. But I tell you that I, who am the only one who can know, and who am no more superstitious than other men—I know perfectly well that I did no such thing. I remember positively turning off to the left, as Denham had directed. I remember the walk down the track, how I stumbled over the sleepers and splashed through the mud, often wondering how much further it was; and I remember, too, finally, that the lights at the station came in sight around a curve, and that I at last stepped upon the platform and found my way to the waiting-room fire.

I glanced up at the clock as I came in, and found that it yet wanted nearly an hour of train time. I was rather surprised, therefore, to find that, notwithstanding it was thus early, some one else had been waiting there before me—a tall, powerful, ill-dressed man, who did not seem to notice my entrance at all, but kept on snoring in the corner. After drying myself a bit at the fire, I wisely concluded to imitate the stranger's example, and went and settled myself in another corner, and almost immediately fell asleep.

I cannot say how long I slept, for when I suddenly woke again, I did not look at the clock at all. I saw that my friend in the opposite corner had disappeared, taking his bundle with him; I heard the clang of an engine-bell outside, and I hurriedly snatched up my own traps and went out the door. Sure enough, there was the train, with the locomotive, mail-car, and two passenger-coaches, with their lighted windows. I remember thinking at the time that the train must be shorter than usual. I had not much time to reflect upon anything, however, and had barely secured a seat in the forward car when the engine gave a few unearthly puffs and groans, and then, with a long, horrible wail of the whistle, we rushed off into the storm and the night.

The car was well filled, mainly with gentlemen. I found a seat by the side of a thin-faced, clerical-looking man, who had an evening paper in his hand, but did not seem to be reading it. His eyes met mine, as I came down the aisle, with a fixed, unnatural kind of stare that puzzled me and made me uncomfortable in spite of myself. "This seat is not taken," I said, interrogatively; and as he made no audible answer I sat down.

Presently I glanced at him again. He had not moved at all, but was still gazing dreamily toward the car door.

"A bad night," I said, determined to rouse him into a recognition of my presence if nothing more. The only answer was complete silence. Good heavens! was the man a boor, or was he deaf, and did he not hear me? I made one more attempt. "May I look at your paper?" I asked, speaking as loudly as I could. Still no answer; still he sat there, rigid as a frozen corpse would have been, unhearing and unnoticing. With an impatient movement I took the paper from his hand, even hoping he would resent the liberty; but he did not. He did not seem to know it. I glanced at the heading. Gracious powers! What was this? I held in my hand a paper dated the *seventeenth of March, eighteen hundred and sixty*—just five years ago to-night—the night of the accident at Bullock's Creek.

I turned faint and cold in a moment. I understood it now—the man at my side was no living man, but a ghost, the pale, staring, fleshless, speechless ghost of one who, five years ago to-night, at this very moment had been hurled on down this same iron way through a storm just like this, to destruction. I looked fearfully around at the other passengers.

Ay! It was plain enough now. Phantoms all—ghostly passengers of a phantom train, sitting there, motionless and horrible, with lusterless eyes and gleaming teeth, all gliding swiftly on in that terrible ride of death, and I, who alone of them all was flesh and blood, I was being hurled along with them.

To what? To death—sure, sudden, horrible death! I knew it well, even before the end came, and it came at once. I uttered a shriek of wild, uncontrollable terror. I rose, and vainly strove to reach the door. Then there was a great crash, and a falling, and a dizziness, and a shock, and then—

I awoke to consciousness again to find myself lying on my back on what seemed to be hard, smooth stone, with the rain beating in my face. It felt bruised and stunned. There was blood in my hair and on my face, and I knew that my left arm was broken. Strange to say, perhaps, though the darkness was very great, and I had never been at the place before, I knew, with a certainty amounting to conviction, just where I was. I heard the roar of angry waters below me—in the dim light, as I came to distinguish better, I could see that there were broken timbers and bent iron-work all about me. Oh, yes; I knew well enough where I was and what had happened. I was lying at the top of one of the piers of the Bullock Creek bridge, and the bridge itself

had been carried away by the swollen stream. But how had I come there? Had I turned the wrong way and wandered along the track and stepped off into the chasm? So you will say, no doubt. And yet I swear it was not so. Too well I remember the phantom train that had thus on its anniversary night come up the road again and hurled itself into the creek below. I knew in my own mind that I had actually taken the ghostly train at the station, had joined in its deathly ride and had just been saved from destruction by the pier at the bridge's end.

Then came a sudden thought to me. If I had taken a phantom train where was the real one? Not at the bottom of the creek. No, the waters were rushing by down below, still roaring and hungry for their prey. Then it must come along soon. And the bridge was down! Soon indeed! I drew a flask of brandy from my pocket and a draught of it revived me. Then I dragged myself somehow up into the shelter of the embankment, and lighting a match under my coat, I looked at my watch. *Ten minutes after eleven*, and the train left Burbank at 11.25. Oh, God! less than twenty minutes and it would come thundering along, bringing with it, maybe, hundreds of precious lives to plunge them into destruction. But, could I not stop it? Alas! what could I do, crippled and bruised and exhausted as I was. But I must not stay here at least. I might be able to crawl up the bank, and then, maybe, I could drag some fence rails across the track or pry up a sleeper and thus throw the train off—anything to stop it before it came to the brink of that terrible abyss.

It was a matter of no great difficulty after all, getting back to the track again. My legs, by some miracle, had escaped with neither fracture nor sprain, and I found I could walk very well. Walk! No, I never walked a step. I started off on the run, staggering and stumbling and falling now and then, but still speeding on, forgetful of my broken limb and my bruises, thinking only of the night express. Thus I had gotten perhaps a fourth of a mile away from the creek when suddenly, far away before me, I heard a whistle—the signal of the train as it approached Burbank. I stopped short and stood in despair. Oh, for two stout arms and an iron bar! I ran down the slope and with my one arm wrenched a rail from the fence and went back and tried to pry up one of the iron rails. Alas! the wood only broke into splinters and did no good. If only had a lantern or could light a fire! And could I not? I had plenty of matches, but of fuel not a bit. Everything around had been thoroughly soaked by the two days' rain.

But the brandy! Eureka! I had it. The best of French brandy, pure and fiery and inflammable, it would have made a piece of ice capable of ignition. In an instant my rubber coat was off and spread, inside downward, on the ground. Then my other coat and my vest—ay, and my shirt, too, for I knew that would burn best of all—I stripped them all off and rolling them into a bundle I put them beneath the rubber coat to keep them dry and then I poured the brandy over them. Heaven be praised, the flask was nearly full.

Not an instant too soon was my bundle ready. Another whistle as the train shot away from Burbank again, then all at once there it was again—the locomotive with its great flashing eye of fire, not a mile away, coming down the track almost at full speed. Then I held my match-case under the coat and drew a match across the bottom. It flashed a moment and then went out, but a second one burned steadily and I touched it to the bundle. Yes, it burned. Feebly at first then brighter and brighter until I snatched up the mass all ablaze, careless that it was burning my hand and arm, and yelling like mad toward the coming train. It did not really burn long, only while the shirt lasted, indeed; but it burned long enough. The engineer, thank God! was a careful man who always kept a good look-out ahead on a night like this, and he saw it. And the whistle screamed and down went the brakes and then the great train slowed up and stopped, and the passengers, hurrying out, found a man senseless and half-naked, lying just a few feet from the track.

That is the whole of my story. The train was saved, and you may be sure the passengers were not ungrateful. They made up a purse for me on the spot, and when I would not take it they appointed a committee to buy a gold watch for me. I have it in my pocket this minute. I was taken back to Burbank and my arm set, and the next day I was in a raging fever. When I got back to the home office a month after that, I found I was quite a hero. They wanted to hear about it and I gave them the whole story just as I have told it here. They laughed at the supernatural part, and said that I must have been dreaming.

"But, whether you were or not," says the president to me, laughing, "you did a splendid thing in saving the train—a mighty good thing for us, too, as it has turned out, for old Jackson, one of the directors, was on board, and we insured him only a week before for one hundred thousand. I'll speak to the board about raising your salary," and he shook me heartily by the hand.

And, of course, I was rather pleased than otherwise with the adventure, considering the watch and advance in salary and glory. But I was not exactly satisfied after all, for neither then nor since have I been able to find any one beside myself who believes in the Phantom Train.

A STARTLING METAMORPHOSIS.—Some one who has been viewing the Siamese jugglers, says: "One trick which Minnhan performed was a very superior version of the mango-tree feat of the Indian jugglers. He took an orange, cut it open, and produced a serpent. This he took down into the audience, and borrowing a robe from one, cut the snake's head off and covered it with the robe. When the robe was lifted again a fox was in place of the snake. The fox's head was cut off, two robes borrowed, and when they were raised there was a wolf, which was killed with a sword. Three robes and a leopard appeared; it was slain with a javelin. Four robes covered a most savage-looking buffalo, that was killed with an axe. Five robes covered in part but not altogether a lordly elephant who, when a sword was pointed at him, seized Minnhan by the neck and tossed him violently up. He mounted feet foremost, and finally clung by his toes to the capital of one of the columns. Tepeda now leaped from the stage and alighted on the elephant's shoulders. With a short sword he goaded the beast on the head until, shrieking, the unwieldy animal reared upon his hind feet, twined his trunk about one of the great columns, and seemed trying to lift itself from the ground and wrap its body around the great pillar. The music clashed out barbarously, Norodom flashed forth a dazzling firework of some sort, and Tepeda lay upon the stage writhing in the folds of a great boa-constrictor, and holding up Minnhan upon his feet."